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LOSS FROM FOREST FIRES AVERAGED MILLION A DAY

At a Total Cost of Less Than $3,000,000, Forest Service Officials Say They Can Prevent Similar Calamities in the Future.

Nothing could better call the attention of thinking people to the necessity for the preservation of our natural resources than the great forest fires which have played such havoc this summer. It is doubtful if the losses for the year 1908 will ever be fully known, but a conservative estimate by Dr. W. J. McGee, erosion expert, United States department of agriculture, places the aggregate loss in all parts of the country at $1,000,000 a day.

In nearly every instance, these devastating fires might have been prevented if the various states had provided an adequate number of men to patrol the woods and arrest all such fires in their incipiency, and if lumbermen and other users of the forest were careful to dispose of brush after logging to prevent the spread of fires.

Uncle Sam has had a great deal of work to do on his national forests in the fire-fighting line this year, but his work has shown good results. Exclusive of the salaries of forest officers, the work of putting down fires on the national forests for the year has cost the government $30,000. This means protecting approximately 168,000,000 acres. The value of the timber destroyed will not be known until the complete fire reports are made.

Fire Breaks Are Built.

To provide rapid means of travel between the various parts of the national forests and to facilitate the massing of large forces of men to fight fire, as well as to furnish vantage points from which the fires may be fought successfully, 160 miles of road and 3,300 miles of trail were built during the last fiscal year. In several cases firebreaks from sixteen to 100 feet in width have been constructed, from which all timber and inflammable material is removed, to furnish obstacles to the spread of fire, or straight lines of defense in fighting the fire once started. Several miles of such fire-breaks now exist in the national forests in southern California, where it is especially important that the forest cover on the watersheds of important irrigation streams be protected.

Telephone lines have been constructed connecting ranger stations with the headquarters of the forest, in order that fires may be reported and promptly extinguished. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, 3,500 miles of telephone line were constructed in the national forests.

Fire Fighting Implement.

Just as rapidly as possible, each national forest is supplied with shovels, axes, and other tools, which are distributed over the forests and cabins, and tool boxes are placed at points where there is the greatest danger of fire and where they can be easily reached by trail. Field glasses are also furnished, since their use in discovering small fires at a great distance has proved very helpful.

Upon the basis of the forest service experience on the national forests, on which the total administration per acre, including fire patrol, amounts to only one cent, the whole forest area of the United States could be protected from fire at a total cost of less than $3,000,000. This would save an annual loss of $20,000,000 for timber alone, to say nothing of the enormous loss of life, the loss to new tree growth, the loss of soil fertility, the damage to river courses and adjacent farm country, and the depreciation in forest wealth and land values.

FATHER OF TEN IN SCHOOL

New York World.

"If you want to catch Sergeant Hosey," said the patrolman on the corner, "you'll have to hurry. He'll be eating his dinner directly and then start for school. You can't miss him; he's as big as Bill Taft."

The reporter and photographer entered the wide hallway of 362 West Forty-fifth street. Three stairways jutted from the hall.

"Which one for Hosey?" the janitress was asked.

"Oh, the man who goes to school? Why take the third. Say, will his picture be in the paper?"

Cornelius Hosey, formerly a sergeant of police, retired three years ago with a pension. When asked about his going to school he did not consider it a joke at first.

"Well, it's a fact," he said finally. "I've studied grammar, chemistry, mathematics, English literature and history. I've passed the regents' examination on some of these subjects, and none of my children can fool me.

"How many children have you?"

"Ten; that's all." The former policeman dropped weightily into a rocking chair. He weighs exactly 300 pounds. "I've a mind going to school now. It was that started me to night school. When I was a boy I had no chance to get an education. When the older children'd come home evenings and study their lessons I began to be ashamed of my ignorance. They'd talk of hydrogen, oxygen, and a whole lot of stuff. I said to myself: 'Hosey, if you ever get the chance to understand what your children talk about here at nights don't let it go by.'

"Well, sir, that chance came when the department retired me. I determined to get an education. Who knows? I'm not old yet, and I might become a lawyer. These night schools are wonderful, but the people do not seem to appreciate them. Outside the church is lined with loafers who eventually reach Sing Sing or a reformatory."

Hosey is studying chemistry this season and taking a special course in European history and civics. He has a comprehensive library, which includes the works of Victor Hugo, Dickens, Scott, Macaulay, Swift and Shakespeare.

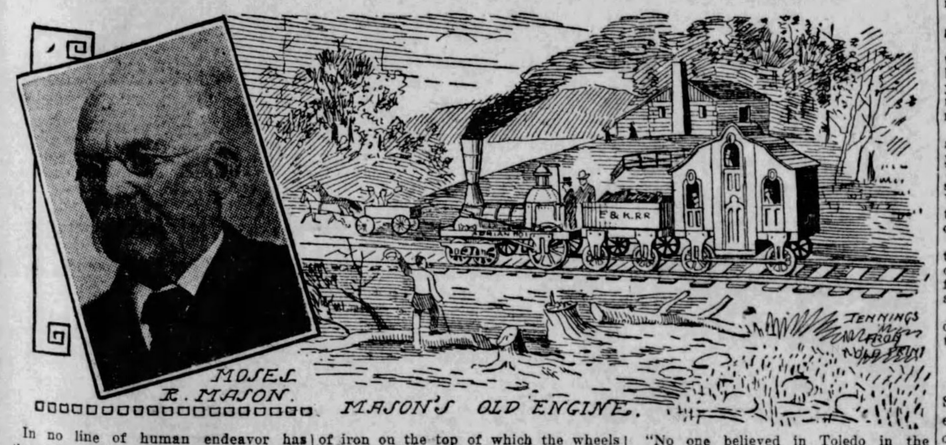
"Another year of school and I hope to be able to take up the study of law," he said, "for I have proved that it is never too late to learn."

King Edward Cane Connoisseur

New York Tribune.

King Edward's present of a gold-mounted malacca cane to Winston Churchill reminds a writer in the Dundee Advertiser that his majesty is a great connoisseur in walking sticks, and possesses a fine collection both at Buckingham Palace and Windsor. Among them is one especially made for him by the late Sir George Dibbs, who acquired unusual skill in the construction of sticks, pipes and dolls, and other things while serving a period of detention in Australia for contempt of court. This particular stick is made from rare wood found in the "Never-Never" region known as Ringiiji. Perhaps, however, the most historic stick in the royal collection is one fashioned out of a branch of the Boscobel oak into which Charles II climbed to escape Cromwell's men at the close of the battle of Worcester. Queen Victoria, during the later years of her life, always made use of this stick, and in place of the round knob, she had a small Indian idol from Serhgagatam mounted as a handle.

VETERAN ENGINEER'S STORY



In no line of human endeavor has there been more progress in the past sixty years than in that of railroading, and there is living just outside the city limits of Toledo a man who has watched the evolution of the steam roads from their earliest beginning in the Middle West until the present time.

Moses R. Nason, hale and hearty, living on Bancroft street, about two miles west of Ottawa park, is the man who has seen the railroads grow from the pioneer lines of the 30's to the marvelous commercial arteries of today.

"I was one of the first men to pull an engine into Toledo," said Mr. Nason at his home the other day. "When I began railroading in 1838," he continued, "no one could have foreseen the marvelous development in steam transportation. I was 17 years old when I went to work on the Erie & Kalamazoo line, now a branch of the Lake Shore. This road ran from Toledo to Adrian, thirty-three miles, and we thought it was a great feat to make the round trip in one day. It was impossible to travel at night and we had to go some to be back in Toledo before the shades of darkness began to fall.

"Many a time we never got back, for the engine would be in the ditch somewhere between here and Adrian. We had two engines, called the Toledo and the Adrian. They did not number engines those days. When the engines jumped the rails and we could not get them back for some time we would get horses from the farmers and continue the run in this way.

Chopped Their Fuel.

"It was no sinecure to be an engineer or fireman in those days. Frequently we could get only green wood for fuel and would be unable to keep up steam. Then the engine would stall on the line and we would go hunting around with our axes to chop up some dead tree.

"The water for the boiler was usually taken out of the ditches along the road. We would stop the train and get out with our buckets to get a supply. The rails were of wood, with a band of iron on the top of which the wheels ran. This iron was spiked to the wood and the spikes, in the course of time, would work up several inches. The engineer was required to look out for these "snake heads," as they were called. When he observed the spikes sticking up he stopped the engine, went ahead and drove them down with a hammer which he carried for the purpose.

"Bad as were the railroads of that time they were regarded as a wonderful invention and a great improvement yer the old corduroy roads. When the first engine pulled out of Toledo the whole town celebrated and everyone went to see the great invention. Most of the people regarded the steam engine as a toy, much as we now look upon the airship. They said it was the dream of a hair-brained inventor and could never be made practical.

"The struggles and tribulations which the builders of the Erie & Kalamazoo road went through probably has no equal in a like enterprise in this country. When the company asked the state for a charter the announcement was received with ridicule. The company was organized in 1835 and in 1836 the road was opened to Adrian. It was the intention when the line was projected not to iron the track, but to run the cars on wooden rails four by four inches square, the cars to be drawn by horse power. As the work progressed the ideas of the managers became more practical and a lot of strap-rail was imported from New York.

Early Financiering.

The more modern method of foisting bonds on the public for building roads had not then been devised—a plan that would have made it comparatively easy for the impecunious management of the pioneer railway. Instead of bonds, script was issued and this script was circulated at a big discount. There was little money in the country in those days and it was impossible to find buyers for the stock of the road. According to a statement in Waggoner's History of Lucas County about 1,800 shares, or 60 per cent of the stock of the company was hypothecated with creditors. The road was therefore built on credit and was heavily in debt from the outset. The road was finally taken over by the creditors who made it valuable and reaped the rewards that the first owners had hoped to obtain.

"No one believed in Toledo in the early days," said Mr. Nason. "Most people pinned their faith to Manhattan. When our family moved west from New York state we took the boat at Buffalo and came to the Maumee. The boats didn't stop at Toledo then. They stopped at Manhattan and then went on to Maumee city. No one could possibly have foreseen in those days the great railroad development of Toledo. To get here from the east it was necessary to come by water or spend weeks and weeks bumping over corduroy roads. After landing in Toledo, to push west into the interior, one had to make the journey in springless wagons on these frightful roads. A railroad, even if it had wooden rails and the cars were pulled by horses was a big advance over that. Then when we got the strap rail and the locomotive we thought the improvement could go no further. There were no railroads between Buffalo and Toledo when the Erie & Kalamazoo line was begun. The present great railroad systems of the country are the result of patchwork—little independent lines like the Erie & Kalamazoo joined together.

Ten Miles an Hour.

"We thought our first passenger coaches were models of luxuriant comfort. To sit in a coach and ride at the rate of ten miles an hour was a whole lot better than jolting in a farm wagon over a rough road, but the greatest dreamer among us never could have conceived of a Pullman car or the modern first-class day coach."

As Mr. Nason said this there was a rumble of wheels, the roar of a locomotive and the Twentieth Century Limited on the Lake Shore road whizzed by his quiet little farmhouse which nestles closely to the railroad track.

"The modern engineer is like the modern housewife," said Mr. Nason. "They don't konw what work is. See that fellow at the throttle of that engine? He is as comfortable as any of his passengers. We didn't have cabs on our engines. We had to fight snow and rain storms as well as watch out for 'snake' heads. When the storm got so bad we couldn't see ahead we just stopped the engine and waited until the storm was over. Simple, wasn't it? But under those conditions we could hardly be expected to make the same time as the Twentieth Century Limited."

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XI.

Trent was awakened next morning by the sound of carriage wheels in the drive below. He rang his bell at once. After a few moments' delay it was answered by one of his two men servants.

"Whose carriage is that in the drive?" he asked.

"It is a fly for Mr. Da Souza, sir."

"What! has he gone?" Trent exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, he and Mrs. Da Souza and the young lady."

"And Miss Montressor and her friend?"

"They shared the fly, sir. The luggage all went down in one of the carts."

Trent laughed outright, half scornfully, half in amusement.

"Listen, Mason," he said, as the sound of wheels died away. "If any of those people come back again they are not to be admitted—do you hear? If they bring their luggage you are not to take it in. If they come themselves you are not to allow them to enter the house. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good! Now prepare my bath at once, and tell the cook, breakfast in half an hour. Let her know that I am hungry. Breakfast for one, mind! Those fools who have just left will get a morning paper at the station and they may come back. Be on the lookout for them and let the other servants know. Better have the lodge gate locked."

"Very good, sir."

The man who had been lamenting the loss of an easy situation and possibly even a month's wages, hastened to spread more reassuring news in the lower regions. It was a practical joke of the governor's—very likely a ruse to get rid of guests who had certainly been behaving as though the Lodge was their permanent home. There was a chorus of thanksgiving. Groves, the butler, who read the money articles in the Standard every morning with solemn interest and who was suspected of investments, announced that from what he could make out the governor must have landed a tidy little lump yesterday. Whereupon the cook set to work to prepare a breakfast worthy of the occasion.

Trent had awakened with a keen sense of anticipated pleasure. A new and delightful interest had entered into his life. It is true that, at times, it needed all his strength of mind to keep his thoughts from wandering back into that unprofitable and most distasteful past—in the middle of the night even, he had woke up suddenly with an old man's cry in his ears—or was it the whispering of the night wind in the tall elms? But he was not of an imaginative nature. He felt himself strong enough to set his heel wholly upon all those memories. If he had not erred on the side of generosity, he had at least played the game fairly. Monty, if he had lived, could only have been a disappointment and a humiliation. The picture was hers—of that he had no doubt! Even then he was not sure that Monty was her father. In any case she would never know. He recognized no obligation on his part to broach the subject. The man had done his best to cut himself altogether adrift from his former life. His reasons, doubtless, had been sufficient. It was not necessary to pry into them—it might even be unkindness. The picture, which no man save himself had ever seen, was the only possible link between the past and the present—between Scarlett Trent and his drunken old partner, starved and fever-stricken, making their desperate effort for wealth in unknown Africa, and the millionaire of today. The picture remained his dearest possession—but, save his own, no other eyes had ever beheld it.

He dressed with more care than usual, and much less satisfaction. He was a man who rather prided himself upon neglecting his appearance, and, so far as the cut and pattern of his clothes went, he usually suggested the artisan out for a holiday. Today for the first time he regarded his toilet with critical and disparaging eyes. He found the pattern of his tweed suit too large, and the color too pronounced, his collars were old-fashioned and his ties hideous. It was altogether a new experience with him, this self-dissatisfaction and sensitiveness to criticism, which at any other time he would have regarded with a sort of insolent indifference. He remembered his walk westward yesterday with a shudder, as though indeed it had been a sort of nightmare, and wondered whether she, too, had regarded him with the eyes of those loungers on the pavement—whether she, too, was one of those who looked for a man to conform to the one arbitrary and universal type. Finally he tied his necktie with a curse, and went down to breakfast with little of his good humor left.

The fresh air sweeping in through the long, open windows, the glancing sunlight and the sense of freedom, for which the absence of his guests was certainly responsible, soon restored his spirits. Blessed with an excellent morning appetite—the delightful heritage of a clean life—he enjoyed his breakfast and thoroughly appreciated his cook's efforts. If he needed a sauce, Fate bestowed one upon him, for he was scarcely midway through his meal before a loud ringing at the lodge gates proved the accuracy of his conjectures. Mr. Dr Souza had purchased a morning paper at the junction, and their host's perfidy had become apparent. Obviously they had decided to treat the whole matter as a practical joke and to brave it out, for outside the gates in an open fly were the whole party. They had returned, only to find that according to Trent's orders the gates were closed upon them.

Trent moved his seat to where he could have a better view, and continued his breakfast. The party in the cab looked hot, and tumbled, and cross. Da Souza was on his feet arguing with the lodge keeper—the women seemed to be listening anxiously. Trent turned to the servant who was waiting upon him.

"Send word down," he directed, "that I will see Mr. Da Souza alone. No one else is to be allowed to enter. Pass me the toast before you go."

Da Souza entered presently, apologetic and abject, prepared at the same time to extenuate and deny. Trent continued his breakfast coolly.

"My dear friend!" Da Souza exclaimed, depositing his silk hat upon the table, "it is a very excellent joke of yours. You see, we have entered into the spirit of it—oh yes, we have done so indeed! We have taken a little drive before breakfast, but we have returned. You knew, of course, that we would not dream of leaving you in such a manner. Do you not think, my dear friend, that the joke was carried now far enough? The ladies are hungry; will you send word to the lodge keeper that he may open the gate?

Trent helped himself to coffee, and leaned back in his chair, stirring it thoughtfully.

"You are right, Da Souza," he said. "It is an excellent joke. The cream of it is too that I am in earnest; neither you nor any of those ladies whom I see out there will sit at my table again."

"You are not in earnest! You do not mean it!"

"I can assure you," Trent replied grinning, "that I do."

"But do you mean," Da Souza spluttered, "that we are to go like this—to be turned out—the laughing stock of your servants, after we have come back too, all the way?—oh, it is nonsense! It's not to be endured!"

"You can go to the devil!" Trent answered coolly. "There is not one of you whom I care a fig to see again. You thought that I was ruined, and you scudded like rats from a sinking ship. Well, I found you out, and a jolly good thing too. All I have to say is now, be off, and the quicker the better!"

Then Da Souza cringed no longer, and there shot from his black eyes the venomous twinkle of the serpent whose fangs are out. He leaned over the table, and dropped his voice.

"I speak," he said, "for my wife, my daughter, and myself, and I assure you that we decline to go!"

CHAPTER XII

Trent rose with flashing eyes. Da Souza shrank back from his outstretched hands. The two men stood facing one another. Da Souza was afraid, but the ugly look of determination remained upon his white face. Trent felt dimly that there was something which must be explained between them. There had been hints of this sort of thing before from Da Souza. It was time the whole thing was cleared up. The lion was ready to throw aside the jackal.

"I give you thirty seconds," he said, "to clear out. If you haven't come to your senses then, you'll be sorry for it."

"Thirty seconds is not long enough," Da Souza answered, "for me to tell you why I decline to go. Better listen to me quietly, my friend. It will be best for you. Afterwards you will admit it."

"Go ahead," Trent said, "I'm anxious to hear what you've got to say. Only look here! I'm a bit short tempered this morning and I shouldn't advise you to play with your words!"

"This is no play at all," Da Souza remarked with a sneer. "I ask you to remember, my friend, our first meeting."

Trent nodded.

"Never likely to forget it," he answered.

"I came down from Elmina to deal with you," Da Souza continued. "I had made money trading in Ashanti for palm-oil and mahogany. I had money to invest—and you needed it. You had land, a concession to work gold mines, and build a road to the coast. It was speculative, but we did business. I came with you to England. I found more money."

"You made your fortune," Trent said drily. "I had to have the money, and you ground a share out of me which is worth a quarter of a million to you!"

"Perhaps it is," Da Souza answered, "perhaps it is not. Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. Perhaps, instead of being a millionaire, you yourself are a swindler and an adventurer!"

"If you don't speak out in half a moment," Trent said in a low tone, "I'll twist the tongue out of your head."

"I am spaking out," Da Souza answered. "It is an ugly thing I have to say, but you must control yourself."

The little black eyes were like the eyes of a snake. He was showing his teeth. He forgot to be afraid.

"You had a partner," he said. "The concession was made out to him together with yourself."

"He died," Trent answered shortly, "I took over the lot by arrangement."

"A very nice arrangement," Da Souza drawled with a devilish smile. "He is old and weak. You were with him up at Bekwando where there are no white men—no one to watch you. You gave him brandy to drink—you watch the fever come, and you write on the concession if one should die all goes to the survivior. And you gave him brandy in the bush where the fever is, and—behold you return alone! When people know this they will say, 'Oh yes, it is the way millionaires are made.'"

He stopped, out of breath, for the veins were standing out upon his forehead, and he remembered what the English doctor at Cape Coast Castle had told him. He was so silent for a moment, wiping the perspiration away and struggling against the fear which was turning the blood to ice in his veins. For Trent's face was not pleasant to look upon.

"Anything else?"

Da Souza pulled himself together. "Yes," he said; "what I have said is nothing. It is scandalous, and it would make talk, but nothing else."

"Well?"

"You had a partner whom you deserted."

"It is a lie! I carried him on my back for twenty hours with a pack of yelling niggers behind. We are lost, and I myself was night upon a dead man. Who would have cumbered himself with a corpse? Curse you and your vile hints, you mongrel, you hanger-on, you scurrilous beast! Out, and spread your stories, before my fingers get on your throat! Out!"

Da Souza slunk away before the fire in Trent's eyes, but he had no idea of going. He stood in safety near the door, and as he leaned farward, speaking now in a hoarse whisper, he reminded Trent momentarily of one of those hdieous fetish gods in the sacred grove at Bekwando.

"Your partner was no corpse when you left him," he hissed out. "You were a fool and a bungler not to make sure of it. The natives from Bekwando found him and carried him, bound, to the king, and your English explorer, Captain Francis, rescued him. He's alive now!"

Trent stood for a moment like a man turned to stone. Alive! Monty alive! The impossibility of the thing came like a flash of relief to him. The man was surely on the threshold of death when he had left him, and the age of miracles was past.

"You're talking like a fool, Da Souza. Do you mean to take me in with an old woman's story like that?"

"There's no old woman's story about what I've told you," Da Souza snarled. "The man's alive and I can prove it a dozen times over. You were a fool and a bungler."

Trent thought of the night when he had crept back into the bush and had found no trace of Monty, and gradually there rose up before him a lurid possibility Da Souza's story was true. The very thought of it worked like madness in his brains. When he spoke he strove hard to steady his voice, and even to himself it sounded like the voice of one speaking a long way off.

"Supposing that this were true," he said, "what is he doing all this time? Why does he not come and claim his share?"

Da Souza hesitated. He would have liked to have invented another reason, but it was not safe. The truth was best.

"He is half-witted and has lost his memory. He is working now at one of the Basle mission places near Attra."

"And why have you not told me this before?"

Da Souza hesitated. "Oom Sam," he said, "my half-brother, keeps an eye on him. Sometimes he gets restless, he talks, but what matter? He has no money. Soon he must die. He is getting an old man!"

"I shall send for him," Trent said slowly. "He shall have his share!"

It was the one fear which had kept Da Souza silent. The muscles of his face twitched, and his finger-nails were buried in the flesh of his fat, white hands. Side by side he had worked with Trent for years without being able to form any certain estimate of the man or his character. Many a time he had asked himself what Trent would do if he knew—only the fear of his complete ignorance of the man had kept him silent all these years. Now the crisis had come! He had spoken! It might mean ruin.

"Send for him?" Da Souza said. "Why? His memory has gone—save for occasional fits of passion in which he raves at you. What would people say?—that you tried to kill him with brandy, that the clause in the concession was a direct incentive for you to get rid of him, and you left him in the bush only a few miles from Buckomari to be seized by the natives. Besides, how can you pay him half? I know pretty well how you stand. On paper, beyond doubt you are a millionaire; but what if all claims were suddenly presented against you to be paid in sovereigns? I tell you this, my friend, Mr. Scarlett Trent, and I am a man of experience and I know. Today, in the city, it is true that you could raise a million pounds in cash, but let me whisper a word, one little word, and you would be hard pressed to raise a thousand. It is true there is the syndicate, that great scheme of yours yesterday from which you were so careful to exclude me—you are to get great moneys from them in cash. Bah! don't you see that Monty's existence breaks up that syndicate—smashes it into tiny atoms, for you have sold what was not yours to sell, and they do not pay for that, eh? They call it fraud!"

He paused, out of breath, and Trent remained silent; he knew very well that he was face to face with a great crisis. Of all things this was the most fatal which could have happened to him. Monty alive! He remembered the old man's passionate cry for life, for pleasure, to taste once more, for however short a time, the joys of wealth. Monty alive, penniless, half-witted, the servant of a few ill-paid missionaries, toiling all day for a living, perhaps fishing with the natives or digging, a slave still, without hope or understanding, with the end of his days well in view! Surely it were better to risk all things, to have him back at any cost! Then a thought more terrible yet than any rose up before him like a spectre, there was a sudden catch at his heart-strings, he was cold with fear. What would she think of the man who deserted his partner, an old man, while life was yet in him, and safety close at hand? Was it possible that he could ever escape the everlasting stigma of cowardice—ay, and before him, in great red letters, he saw written in the air that fatal clause in the agreement, to which she and all others would point with bitter scorn, indubitable, overwhelming evidence against him. He gasped for breath and walked restlessly up and down the room. Other thoughts came crowding in upon him. He was conscious of a new element in himself. The last few years had left their mark upon him. With the handling of great sums of money and the acquisition of wealth had grown something of the financier's fever. He had become a power; solidly and steadfastly he had hewn his way into a little circle whose fascination had begun to tell in his blood. Was he to fall without a struggle from amongst the high places, to be stripped of his wealth, shunned as a man who was morally, if not in fact, a murderer, to be looked upon with never-ending scorn by the woman whose picture for years had been a religion to him, and whose appearance only a few hours ago had been the most inspiring thing which had entered into his life? He looked across the lawn into the pine grove with steadfast eyes and knitted brows, and Da Souza watched him, ghastly and nervous. At least he must have time to decide!

"If you send for him," Da Souza said slowly, "you will be absolutely ruined. It will be a triumph for those whom you have made jealous, who have measured their wits with yours and gone under. Oh, but the newspapers will enjoy it—that is very certain. Our latest millionaire—his rise and fall. Cannot you see it in the placards? And for what? To give wealth to an old man long past the enjoyment of it—ay, imbecile already! You will not be a madman, Trent?"

Trent winced perceptibly. Da Souza saw it and rejoiced. There was another awkward silence. Trent lit a cigar and puffed furiously at it.

"I will think it over, at least," he said, in a low tone. "Bring back your wife and daughter, and leave me alone for a while."

"I knew," Da Souza murmured, "that my friend would be reasonable."

"And the young ladies?"

"Send them to——"

"I will send them back to where they came from," Da Souza interrupted blandly.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is probable that Mrs. Da Souza, excellent wife and mother though she had proved herself to be, had never admired her husband more than when, followed by the malevolent glances of Miss Montressor and her friend, she, with her daughter and Da Souza, reentered the gates of the Lodge. The young ladies had announced their intention of sitting in the fly until they were allowed speech with their late host; to which he had replied that they were welcome to sit there until doomsday so long as they remained outside his gates. Mr. Da Souza lingered for a moment behind and laid his finger upon his nose.

"It ain't no use, my dears," he whispered confidentially. "He's fairly got the hump. Between you and me he'd give a bit not to have us, but me and him being old friends—you see, we know a bit about one another."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Miss Montressor remarked, with a toss of her head. "Well, you and your wife and your little chit of a daughter are welcome to him so far as we are concerned, aren't they, Flossie?"

"Well, I should say so," agreed the young lady, who rather affected Americanisms.

Da Souza stroked his little imperial, and winked solemnly.

"You are young ladies of spirit," he declared. "Now——"

"Hiram!"

"I am coming, my dear," he called over his shoulder. "One word more, my charming young friends! No. 7, Racket's Court, City, is my address. Look in sometime when you're that way, and we'll have a bit of lunch together, and just at present take my advice. Get back to London and write him from there. He is not in a good humor at present."

"We are much obliged, Mr. Da Souza," the young lady answered loftily. "As we have engagements in London this afternoon, we may as well go now—eh, Flossie?"

"Right along," answered the young lady, "I'm with you, but as to writing Mr. Trent, you can tell him from me, Mr. Da Souza, that we want to have nothing more to do with him. A fellow that can treat ladies as he has treated us is no gentleman. You can tell him that. He's an ignorant, common fellow, and for my part I despise him."

"Same here," echoed Miss Montressor, heartily. "We ain't used to associate with such as him!"

"Hiram!"

Mr. Da Souza raised his hat and bowed; the ladies were tolerably gracious and the fly drove off. Whereupon Mr. Da Souza followed his wife and daughter along the drive and caught them up upon the doorstep. With mingled feelings of apprehension and elation he ushered them into the morning-room where Trent was standing looking out of the window with his hands behind him. At their entrance he did not at once turn round. Mr. Da Souza coughed apologetically.

"Here we are, my friend," he remarked. "The ladies are anxious to wish you good morning."

Trent faced them with a sudden gesture of impatience. He seemed on the point of an angry exclamation, when his eyes met Julie Da Souza's. He held his breath for a moment and was silent. Her face was scarlet with shame, and her lips were trembling. For her sake Trent restrained himself.

"Glad to see you back again, Julie," he said, ignoring her mother's outstretched hand and beaming smile of welcome. "Going to be a hot day, I think. You must get out in the hayfield. Order what breakfast you please, Da Souza," he continued on his way to the door; "you must be hungry—after such an early start!"

Mrs. Da Souza sat down heavily and rang the bell.

"He was a little cool," she remarked, "but that was to be expected. Did you observe the notice he took of Julie? Dear child!"

Da Souza rubbed his hands and nodded meaningly. The girl, who, between the two, was miserable enough, sat down with a little sob. Her mother looked at her in amazement.

"My Julie," she exclaimed, "my dear child! You see, Hiram, she is faint! She is overcome!"

The child, she was very little more, broke out at last in speech, passionately, yet with a miserable foreknowledge of the ineffectiveness of anything she might say.

"It is horrible," she cried, "it is maddening! Why do we do it? Are we paupers or adventurers? Oh! let me go away! I am ashamed to stay in this house!"

Her father, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and his legs far apart, looked at her in blank and speechless amazement; her mother, with more consideration but equal lack of sympathy, patted her gently on the back of her hand.

"Silly Julie," she murmured, "what is there that is horrible, little one?"

The dark eyes blazed with scorn, the delicately curved lips shook.

"Why, the way we thrust ourselves upon that man is horrible!" she cried. "Can you not see that we are not welcome, that he wishes us gone?"

Da Souza smiled in a superior manner; the smile of a man who, if only he would, could explain all things. He patted his daughter on the head with a touch which meant to be playful.

"My little one," he said, "you are mistaken! Leave these matters to those who are older and wiser than you. It is but just now that my good friend said to me, 'Da Souza,' he says, 'I will not have you take your little daughter away!' Oh, we shall see! We shall see!"

Julie's tears crept through the fingers closely pressed over her eyes.

"I do not believe it," she sobbed. "He has scarcely looked at me all the time, and I do not want him to. He despises us all—and I don't blame him. It is horrid!"

Mrs. Da Souza, with a smile which was meant to be arch, had something to say, but the arrival of breakfast broke up for a while the conversation. Her husband, whom Nature had blessed with a hearty appetite at all times, was this morning after his triumph almost disposed to be boisterous. He praised the cooking, chaffed the servants to their infinite disgust, and continually urged his wife and daughter to keep pace with him in his onslaught upon the various dishes which were placed before him. Before the meal was over Julie had escaped from the table crying softly. Mr. Da Souza's face darkened as he looked up at the sound of her movement, only to see her skirt vanishing through the door.

"Shall you have trouble with her, my dear?" he asked his wife anxiously.

That estimable lady shook her head with a placid smile. "Julie is so sensitive," she muttered, "but she is not disobedient. When the time comes I can make her mind."

"But the time has come!" Da Souza exclaimed. "It is here now, and Julie is sulky. She will have red eyes and she is not gay! She will not attract him. You must speak with her, my dear."

"I will go now—this instant," she answered, rising. "But, Hiram, there is one thing I would much like to know."

"Ugh! You women! You are always like that! There is so much that you want to know!"

"Most women, Hiram—not me! Do I ever seek to know your secrets? But this time—yes, it would be wiser to tell me a little!"

"Well?"

"This Mr. Trent, he asked us here, but it is plain that our company is not pleasant to him. He does his best to get rid of us—he succeeds—he plans that we shall not return. You see him alone and all that is altered. His little scheme has been in vain. We remain! He does not look at our Julie. He speaks of marriage with contempt. Yet you say he will marry her—he, a millionaire! What does it mean, Hiram?"

"The man, he is in my power," Da Souza says in a ponderous and stealthy whisper. "I know something."

She rose and imprinted a solemn kiss upon his forehead. There was something sacramental about the deliberate caress.

"Hiram," she said, "you are a wonderful man!"

(To Be Continued.)

Simple Life in Finland.

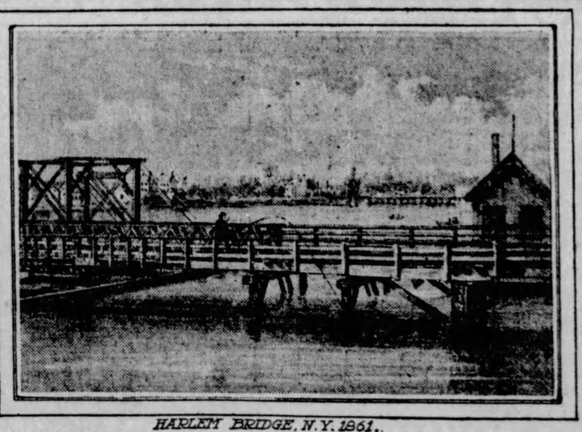
Ladies' Pictorial.

In Finland everybody lives the simple life in summertime. They camp out on islands, in the forests, and always somewhere near the water, and everybody swims and bathes. Almost all classes sleep and eat al fresco at this time of year, and the town councils of the towns in this progressive and altogether delightful little country provide public fireplaces and public bathing sheds in all places where the working classes go in search of fresh air.

But the simple life is by no means dull with the frisky Finns. They combine it with a surprising amount of gayety. They eat, drink and are very merry in their picturesque little log cabins outside the cities.

When they are tired of bathing and splashing, they dance, they sing, they watch fireworks and practice gymnastics, they all become like children and are the very happiest, merriest, most good-natured, most easily pleased, and most healthy holiday makers in the world. We might take many leaves from the Finns' book.

SEEING NEW YORK IN OLDEN TIMES



HARLEM BRIDGE, N.Y. 1861.

In Colonial and Revolutionary days the stream that separates Manhattan island from the mainland lying north of it was known as Harlem creek. In later days the more ambitious name of Harlem river attached to it.

This island of Manhattan, rocky in its lower and middle sections suddenly changes its character at the upper end. In olden times, a short distance to the north of 110th street the rocky heights were succeeded by level, fertile meadows that stretched onward to the Harlem river. These meadows were called "The Flats" by the colonists, although to the Indians they were known by the more pleasing name of Muscoota.

It was to these flats the Dutch settlers came as early as 1636, probably allured by the rich farm lands, and here they stayed, building their village on the site of an earlier Indian village at the foot of what we call today Mount Morris. Some difficulty arose about naming this new village and as each of the residents wished it to be known by the name of his native town in Holland much excitement resulted. In the midst of the bickering and contention, it is said that Governor Stuyvesant was called upon to solve the problem. The sagacious old Dutchman after many inquiries found that none of the villagers came from Haarlem. So he named the place New Haarlem and peace and a permanent name descended on plain and river.

The first bridge across the Harlem was built in 1693 by one Henry Philipse, supposedly for the good of the public, but really for the revenue of the owner, who collected three pence for every one who passed over with a horse. His family held this monopoly until the days of the French and Indian war. Then Benjamin Palmer, after much active opposition of Colonel Philipse, built a bridge nearby, free to the public, and thereafter the mainland and Manhattan island were one.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER XX.

The Duke's Epitaph.

For a moment I stood in amazement, gazing at my opponent where he lay prostrate on the sands. Then, guided by the smoke which issued from the bushes, I darted across to the low stone wall and vaulted on to the top of it. I dived into the bushes, parting them with head and hand; I was conscous of a man's form rushing by me, but I could pay no heed to him, for right in front of me, in the act of reloading his pistol, I saw the burly inn-keeper Jacques Bontet. When his eyes fell on me, as I leaped out almost at his very feet, he swore an oath and turned to run. I raised my hand and fired. Alas! the Duke of Saint-Maclou had been justified in his confidence; for, to speak honestly, I do not believe my bullet went within a yard of the fugitive. Hearing the shot and knowing himself unhurt, he halted and faced me. There was no time for reloading. I took my pistol by the muzzle and ran at him. My right arm was nearly useless; but I took it out of the sling and had it ready, for what it was worth. I saw the fellow's face was pale and that he displayed no pleasure in the game. But he stood his ground, and I, made wary by the recollection of my maimed state, would not rush on him, but came to a stand about a yard from him, reconnoitering how I might best spring on him. Thus we rested for a moment till remembering that the duke, if he were not already dead, lay at the mercy of the other scoundrel, I gathered myself together and threw myself at Jacques Bontet. He also had clubbed his weapon, and he struck wildly at me as I came on. My head he missed, and the blow fell on my right shoulder, settling once for all the question whether my right arm was to be of any use or not. Yet its usefulness mattered not, for I countered his blow with a better, and the butt of my pistol fell full and square on his forehead. For a moment he stood looking at me, with hatred and fear in his eyes; then, as it seemed to me, quite slowly his knees gave way under him; his face dropped down from mine; he might have been sinking into the ground, till at last, his knees being bent right under him, uttering a low groan, he toppled over and lay on the ground.

Spending on him and his state no more thought than they deserved, I snatched his pistol from him (for mine was broken at the junction of the barrel and stock), and, without waiting to load (and indeed with one hand helpless and in the agitation which I was suffering it would have taken me more than a moment), I hastened back to the wall, and, parting the bushes, looked over. It was a strange sight that I saw. The duke was no longer prone on his face, as he had fallen, but lay on his back, with his arms stretched out, crosswise; and by his side knelt a small spare man, who searched, hunted, and rummaged with hasty, yet cool and methodical, touch, every inch of his clothing. Up and down, across and across, into every pocket, along every lining, aye, down to the boots, ran the nimble fingers; and in the still of the evening, which seemed not broken but rather emphasized by the rumble of the tide that had begun to come in over the sands from the Mount, his passionate curses struck my years. I recollect that I smiled—nay, I believe that I laughed—for the man was my old acquaintance Pierre—and Pierre was still on the track of the Cardinal's Necklace; and he had not doubted, any more than I had doubted, that the duke carried it upon his person. Yet Pierre found it not, for he was growing angry now; he seemed to worry the still body, pushing it and tossing the arms of it to and fro as a puppy tosses a slipper or a cushion. And all the while the unconscious face of the Duke of Saint-Maclou was turned up to heaven, and a stiff smile seemed to mock the baffled plunderer. And I also wondered where the necklace was.

Then I let myself down on to the noiseless sands and stole across to the spot where the pair were. Pierre's hands were searching desperately and wildly now; he no longer expected to find, but he could not yet believe that the search was in very truth in vain. Absorbed in his task, he heard me not; and coming up I set my foot on the pistol that lay by him, and caught him, as the duke had caught Lafleur his comrade, by the nape of the neck, and said to him, in a bantering tone:

"Well, is it not there, my friend?"

He wriggled; but the strength of the little man in a struggle at close quarters was as nothing, and I held him easily with my one sound hand. And I mocked him, exhorting him to look again, telling him that everything was not to be seen from a stable, and bidding him call Lafleur from hell to help him. And under my grip he grew quiet and ceased to search; and I heard nothing but his quick breathing. And I laughed at him as I plucked him off the duke and flung him on his back on the sands, and stood looking down on him. But he asked no mercy of me; his small eyes answered defiance back to me, and he glanced still wistfully at the quiet man beside us.

Yet he was to escape me—with small pain to me I confess. For at that moment a cry rang loud in my ear: I knew the voice; and though I kept my foot on Pierre's pistol, yet I turned my head. And on the instant the fellow sprang to his feet, and, with an agility that I could not have matched, started running across the sands toward the Mount. Before I had realized what he was about, he had thirty yards' start of me. I heard the water rushing in now; he must wade deep, nay, he must swim to win the Mount. But from me he was safe,

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swoon had merely come to its natural end, I know not; but, as she spoke, he, who had slept through Pierre's rough handling, opened his eyes, and, seeing where he was, tried to raise his hand, groping after hers; and he spoke, with difficulty indeed, yet plainly enough, saying:

"The rascals thought I had the necklace. They did not know how kind you had been, my darling."

I started where I stood. Marie grew red and then white, and looked down at him no longer with pity, but with scorn and anger on her face.

"I have it not," she said again. "For all heaven, I would not touch it!"

And she looked up to me as she said it, praying me with her eyes to believe.

But her words roused and stung the duke to an effort and an activity that I thought impossible to him; for he rolled himself from her lap, and, raising himself on his hand, with half his body lifted from the ground, said in a loud voice:

"You have it not? You haven't the necklace? Why, your message told me that you would never part from it again?"

"I sent no message," she answered in a hard voice, devoid of pity for him; how should she pity him? "I sent no message, save that I would sooner die than see you again."

Amazement spread over his face even in the hour of his agony.

"You sent," said he, "to say that you would await me tonight, and to ask for the necklace to adorn yourself for my coming."

Though he was dying, I could hardly control myself to hear him speak such words. But Marie, in the same calm scornful voice asked:

"By whom did the message come?"

"By your mother," said he, gazing at her eagerly. "And I sent mine—the one I told you—by her. Marie, was it not true," he cried, dragging himself nearer to her.

"True!" she echoed—and no more.

But it was enough. For an instant he glared at her; then he cried:

"That old fiend has played a trick on me! She has got the necklace!"

And I began to understand the smile that I had seen on Mme. Delhasse's face, and her marvelous good humor, and I began to have my opinion concerning her evening stroll to Pontorson. Bontet and Pierre had been matched against more than they thought.

The duke, painfully supported on his hand, drew nearer still to Marie; but she rose to her feet and retreated a pace as he advanced. And he said:

"But you love me, Marie? You would have——"

She interrupted him.

"Above all men I loathe you!" she said, looking on him with shrinking and horror in her face.

His wound was heavy on him—he was shot in the stomach and was bleeding inwardly—and had drawn his features; his pain brought a sweat on his brow, and his arm, trembling, scarce held him. Yet none of these things made the anguish in his eyes as he looked at her.

"This is the man I love," said she in calm relentlessness.

And she put out her hand and took mine, and drew me to her, pressing her arm through mine. The Duke of Saint-Maclou looked up at us; then he dropped his head, heavily and with a thud on the sand, and so lay till we thought he was dead.

Yet it might be that his life could be saved, and I said to Marie:

"Stay by him, while I run for help."

"I will not stay by him," she said.

"Then do you go," said I. "Stop the first people you meet; or, if you see none, go to the inn. And bid them bring help to carry a wounded man and procure a doctor."

She nodded her head, and, without a glance at him, started running along the sands toward the road. And I left alone with him, sat down and raised him, as well as I could, turning his face upward again and resting it on my thigh. And I wiped his brow. And, after a time, he opened his eyes.

"Help will be here soon," I said. "She has gone to bring help."

Full ten minutes passed slowly; he lay breathing with difficulty, and from time to time I wiped his brow. At last he spoke.

"There's some brandy in my pocket. Give it me," he said.

I found the flask and gave him some of its contents, which kept the life in him for a little longer. And I was glad to feel that he settled himself, as though more comfortably, against me.

"What happened?" he asked very faintly.

And I told him what had happened, as I conceived it—how that Bontet must have given shelter to Pierre, till such time as escape might be possible; but how that, when Bontet discovered that the necklace was in the inn, the two scoundrels, thinking that they might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, had determined to make another attempt to secure the coveted spoil; how in pursuance of this scheme, Bontet had, as I believed, suppressed the duke's message to his friends at Pontorso, with the intent to attack us, as they had done, on the sands; and I added that he himself knew, better than I, what was likely to have become of the necklace in the hands of Mme. Delhasse.

"For my part," I concluded, "I doubt if madame will be at the inn to welcome us on our return."

"She came to me and told me that Marie would give all I asked, and I gave her the necklace to give to Marie; and believing what she told me, I was anxious not to fight you, for I thought you had nothing to gain by fighting. Yet you angered me, so I resolved to fight."

He seemed to have strength for nothing more; yet, at the end, before life left him, one strange last change come over him. Both his rough passion and the terrible abasement of defeat seemed to leave him, and his face became again the face of a well-bred, self-controlled man. There was a helpless effort at a shrug of his shoulders, a scornful slight smile on his lips, and a look of recognition, almost of friendliness, almost of humor, in his eyes, as he said to me, who still held his head:

"Mon Dieu, but I've made a mess of it, Mr. Aycon!"

And I do not know that anyone could better this epitaph which the Duke of Saint-Maclou composed for himself in the last words he spoke this side of the grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Passing Carriage.

When I saw that the Duke of Saint-Maclou was dead, I laid him down on the sands, straightening him into a seemly posture; and I closed his eyes and spread his handkerchief over his face. Then I began to walk up and down with folded arms, pondering over the life and fate of the man and the strange link between us which the influence of two women had forged. And I recognized also that an hour ago the greater likelihood had been that I should be where he lay, and he be looking down on me. Dis aliter visum. His own sin had stretched him there, and I lived to muse on the wreck—on the "mess" as he said in self-mockery—that he had made of his life. Yet, as I had felt when I had talked to him before, so I felt now, that his had been the hand to open my eyes, and from his mighty, but base love I had learned a love as strong and, as I could in all honesty say, more pure.

The sun was quite gone now, the roll of the tide was nearer, and water gleamed between us and the mount. But we were beyond its utmost rise, save at a spring tide, and I waited long, too engrossed in my thoughts to be impatient for Marie's return. I did not even cross the wall to see how Bontet fared under the blow I had given him—whether he were dead, or lay still stunned, or had found life enough to crawl away. In truth, I cared not then.

Presently across the sands, through the growing gloom, I saw a group approaching me. Marie I knew by her figure and gait and saw more plainly, for she walked a little in front as though she were setting the example of haste. The rest followed together; and, looking past them, I could just discern a carriage which had been driven some way on to the sands. One of the strangers wore top-boots and the livery of a servant. As they approached, he fell back, and the remaining two—a man and a woman on his arm—came more clearly into view. Marie reached me some twenty yards ahead of them.

"I met no one till I was at the inn," she said, "and then this carriage was driving by; and I told them that a gentleman lay hurt on the sands, and they came to help you carry him up."

I nodded and walked forward to meet them; for by now I knew the man, yes, and the woman, though she wore a veil. And it was too late to stop their approach. Uncovering my head, I stepped up to them, and they stopped in surprise at seeing me. For the pair were Gustave de Berensac and the duchess. He had gone, as he told me, afterward, to see the duchess, and they had spent the afternoon in a drive, and she was going to set him down at his friend's quarters in Pontorson, when Marie met them, and not knowing them nor they her (though Gustave had once, two years before, heard her sing) had brought them on this errand.

The little duchess threw up her veil. Her face was pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes asked a trembling question. At the sight of me I think she knew at once what the truth was; it needed but the sight of me to let light in on the seemingly obscure story which Marie had told, of a duel planned, and then interrupted by a treacherous assault and attempted robbery. With my hand I signed to the duchess to stop, but she did not stop, but walked past me, merely asking:

"Is he badly hurt?"

I caught her by the arm and held her.

"Yes," said I, "badly; "and I felt her eyes fixed on mine.

Then she said, gently and calmly:

"Then he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead," I answered, and loosed her arm.

Gustave de Berensac had not spoken; and he now came silently to my side, and he and I followed a pace or two behind the duchess. The servant had halted ten or fifteen yards away, Marie had reached where the duke lay, and stood now close by him, her arms at her side and her head bowed. The duchess walked up to her husband, and, kneeling beside him, lifted the handkerchief from his face. The expression wherewith he had spoken his epitaph—the summary of his life—was set on his face, so that he seemed still to smile in bitter amusement. And the little duchess looked long on the face that smiled in contempt on life and death alike. No tears came in her eyes and this quiver had left her lips. She gazed at him calmly, trying perhaps to read the riddle of his smile. And all the while Marie Delhasse looked down from under drooping lids.

I stepped up to the duchess' side. She saw me coming and turned her eyes to mine.

"He looked just like that when he asked me to marry him," she said, with the simple gravity of a child whose usual merriment is sobered by something that it cannot understand.

I doubted not that he had. Life, marriage, death—so he had faced them all, with scorn and weariness and acquiescence—all, save that one passion which bore him beyond himself.

The duchess spread the handkerchief again over the dead man's face, and rose to her feet. And she looked across the dead body of the duke at Marie Delhasse. I knew not what she would say, for she must have guessed by now who the girl was that had brought her to the place. Suddenly the question came in a tone of curiosity, without resentment, yet tinctured with a delicate scorn, as though spoken across a gulf of difference:

"Did you really care for him at all?"

Marie started, but she met the duchess' eyes and answered in a low voice with a single word:

"No."

"Ah, well," said the little duchess with a sigh; and, if I read aright what she expressed, it was a pitying recognition of the reason in that answer: he could not have expected anyone to love him, she seemed to say. And if that were so, then indeed had the finger of truth guided the duke in the penning of his epitaph.

We three, who were standing around the body, seemed sunk in our own thoughts, and it was Gustave de Berensac who went to the servant and bade him bring the carriage nearer to where we were; and when it was come, they two lifted the duke in and disposed his body as well as they could. The man mounted the box, and at a foot-pace we set out. The duchess had not spoken again, nor had Marie Delhasse; but when I took my place beside Marie the duchess suffered Gustave to join her, and in this order we passed along. But before we had gone far, when indeed we had but just reached the road, we met four of the police hurrying along, and before they came to us or saw what was in the carriage, one cried:

"Have you seen a small spare man pass this way lately? He would be running perhaps, or walking fast."

I stepped forward and drew them aside, signing the carriage to go on and to the others to follow it.

"I can tell you all there is to be told about him, if you mean the man whom I think you mean," said I. "But I doubt if you'll catch him now."

And with that I told them the story briefly, and so far as it affected the matter they were engaged upon; and they heard it with much astonishment. For they had tracked Pierre (or Raymond Pinceau as they called him, saying it was his true name) to Bontet's stable, on the matter of the previous attempt on the necklace and the death of Lafleur, and on no other, and did not think to hear such a sequel as I unfolded to them.

"And if you will search," said I, "some six yards behind the wall, and maybe a quarter of a mile from the road, I fancy you will find Bontet; he may have crawled a little way, but could not far, I think. As for the Duke of Saint-Maclou, gentlemen, his body was in the carriage that passed you this moment. And I am at your service, although I would desire, if it be possible, to be allowed to follow my friends."

There being but four of them and their anxiety being to achieve the capture of Pierre, they made no difficulty of allowing me to go on my way, taking from me my promise to present myself before the magistrate at Avranches next day; and leaving two to seek for Bontet, the other two made on, in the hope of finding a boat to take them to the Mount, whither they conceived the escaped man must have directed his steps.

Thus delayed, I was some time behind the others in reaching the inn, and I found Gustave waiting for me in the entrance. The body of the duke had been carried to his own room and a messenger sent to procure a proper conveyance. Marie Delhasse was upstairs, and Gustave's message to me was that the duchess desired to see me.

"Nay," said I, "there is one thing I want to do before that;" and I called to a servant girl who was hovering between terror and excitement at the events of the evening, and asked her whether Mme. Delhasse had returned.

"No, sir," she answered. "The lady left word that she would be back in half an hour, but she has not yet returned."

(To Be Continued.)

Words of Praise

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A Song for October.

Fruitful October! so fair and calm,
Singing of God and His charity,
Every note of thy joyous psalm
Chords of my heart give back to thee.

Joy for the riches thy bounty yields
Over the breadth of our smiling fields!
Out of the months that have gone before,
Gathering tribute for this thy store,
Even from the torpid December moon,
From the vernal rains and the heats of June,
All that was good thou hast drawn and brought.
Nothing a loss;
Even from the dross,
Alchemist marvelous, thou hast wrought
Misted gold for thy noon's delights,
Silver of frost for thy twinkling nights.
Blest in thy blessing, all beauty now
Glows as a diadem on thy brow.
So, let me sing to thee,
So, let me bring to thee
Praise of the queen of my soul, for she,
Bountiful, bringer of joys to me,
Wearing thy glory, is kin to thee,
How hath she wrought with the passing years?
All of their pleasures and pains and tears,
All their rose hopes and their pallid fears,
Through her sweet being have issued forth,
Fused into treasure of priceless worth.
Look on the fruits of her alchemy,
Lisping their music around her knee.
Muse on the splendor of her sweet face,
Motherly wisdom and maiden grace.
Gold of your noontime is in her hair;
Aye, and your silver of frost is there.
Tell me, October, oh, who so fair?
Not even thou
Weareth a brow
Fuller of beauty or freer of care.
Oh, for the guerdon of quiet bliss,
For the yet warm heart and the cool sweet kiss
Of her perfect loving; for this, for this,
Fruitful October, so fair and calm,
Singing of God and His charity,
Every note of thy joyous psalm
Chords of my heart give back to thee!

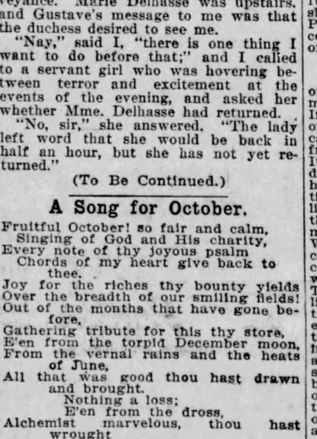
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Influence of Mountains.

London Evening Standard.

The influence of the mountain is pure and holy, giving strength and simplicity, encouraging the older virtues, discouraging the newer vices. In the hill men of Wales we see this clearly enough. Go where you will among the wilder and more mountainous parts of Wales, and you will find that rare independence and self-reliance which are not marred by a curiously defiant discourtesy. You find there those who are truly "nature's gentlemen."

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

When Benedict Arnold heard of Major Andre's capture and fled to the British, knowing that his treachery must be known to the patriots, tradition states that he lived for a time in Wall street, where many of the younger officers boarded, whiling the time away in dancing and attendance on the fair American loyalists of the opposite sex.

Spencer Trask states that 'in the house standing on what is now No. 9 Broadway, Benedict Arnold, after the capture of Andre and the exposure of his treachery, had his quarters. It was while here that Sergeant John Champe attempted to capture him. The garden at the rear of the house sloped down to the river and a party of patriots were to land here from a boat and, having secured, carry him away. The very day of the attempt Arnold moved his quarters."

GOING BACK HOME.

Washington Post.

For every man there is a glamour spread over the old home, the old place where he spent his childhood. It is too dear to be allowed to slip away into oblivion. Some day, every man promises himself, he is going back to see the old place. He thinks and dreams a good deal about it. He wonders if "the fellows" think of him as he thinks of them, and if the village looks now like it looked—way back yonder! Yes, of course, it must have changed. But some day—he breathes it into the secret ear of his heart—he is going back to feed once more on those well-remembered and bell-beloved sights. He will feel once more their quaint, delicious charm.

Comes at last a day when old home week and his vacation arrive together. It is the chance he has promised himself, waited for, through an eternity. He goes back home.

Old home week is doubtless a wonderful function. It is a wholesome, wholesale, whole-hearted carnival. But the solitary soul with the reminiscent tear to shed around the old well curb had better stay away. He has no part in this orgy of the glad hand. This is no place for the "passion of the pain of finite hearts that yearn." Let him keep away and preserve his dreams and leave the realities to the man for whom only the visible is true.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PROBLEM

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 25 is, "The Joy of Forgiveness." Psalm 32.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

There is a popular picture of the Crucifixion which does not show the actual crosses or their victims at all, but lying athwart the hill of Calvary, beneath the feet of John and Mary and the surrounding crowd, appear the shadows of the three crosses. The power of the picture lies in what it suggests rather than what it tells. It implies that the painter's brush was not equal to depicting that supreme tragedy itself. In a somewhat similar fashion, this Psalm of Penitence, which is assigned for present study, reveals the shadow of David's great sin; since it would not be well to concentrate the gaze of the Sunday School scholars upon the heinous offense itself.

There is no theme in the holy writ upon which it is easier to gather illustrations from contemporaneous life than this one of a great sinner suffering from deep remorse. The reader may turn to the other pages of the present issue of this paper, and he will find some illustration of the awfulness of sin. What shame and sorrow and crime follow in the trail of this particular sin of David's. Every day it hurls victims into suicide's graves. It puts the black demon of fear upon the backs of men. It extinguishes the sun of innocence, and blots out life's beauty. It crowds the divorce courts of the land. It drives mothers and wives into the shamed seclusion of broken-heartedness. Plainly, we do not have to turn to dusty commentaries to find lessons from the sin of David.

"The King Can Do No Wrong."

David at this time was in the heyday of his success. He was eminent as a monarch and as a servant of Jehovah. If he were to fall, it would be like some of the crashing disasters of recent American history, wherein men have toppled from positions of highest religious trust. It must not be forgotten that David's desires had wandered before his reign. He had given free course to evil imaginations, and they led him captive. He, like many another man since, thought that he had a right to indulge his evil meditations and his wandering desires. What a revelation it would be if we could see the pictures painted on the chambers of imagery of the people with whom we touch shoulders every day! There is nothing more terrible in modern life than the occasional glimpse we sometimes get of the charnel houses that exist in some human minds. The essential fallacy of the present popular teaching that life is all sweetness and beauty, and that man is as divine as God, is shown by the actual facts of any neighborhood. Teachers of this sort of philosophy need to spend half an hour in intimate relation with the life in any shop, or mill, or club-house, or place of free and informal concourse.

If a person can persuade himself that it is right to give rein to his imagination, he finds little difficulty in believing that it is safe to follow his dream by his deed. Whether David convinced himself by any such reasoning as that "the king can do no wrong" we cannot know. Certainly he proved to be an eminent example of the modern fad of the sovereignty of desire—by which fad the greatest problems of our western world. Society tolerates and condones in them conduct which would put ordinary men into the penitentiary. Would to God that more complete would arise to point a finger of personal condemnation at these powerful sinners, who feel themselves above the moral law.

"Be Sure Your Sin."

By a perversion of the world of wisdom, it is popularly taught that sin will always be found out. Now this is not so, even though it is true that sin generally is found out. More important is the teaching of the Scripture, which is "Be sure your sin will find you out." This is a different matter altogether, and far more serious. What a neighbor thinks concerning your conduct is of small weight as compared with what your own conscience will think. Remorse, like a grinning fiend, will confront you night and day; it will haunt your feasts and mock your merriment, and you will be ready to cry with smitten David: "My sin is ever before me." This profound truth has been a popular theme with some of the world's greatest writers. It runs through Shakespeare, Milton, Dante and Bunyan, borne. Most of all is it found in the daily newspaper. There is scarcely a week passes without some tragic incident creeping into print, of a victim of remorse being driven into confession or the madhouse.

The Escape From Torment.

I have watched the sad-faced pilgrims at Benares making that forty-mile round of shrines. I have seen them descend the bathing ghats and lave in filthy pools; and perform rites with offerings and oblations. All this does not necessarily mean what we frequently read into it, but it does mean that for these Hindus existence is hard and joyless and intolerable, a burden to be escaped. Of all the faiths of heathendom the best offers nothing better than a final merging into an impersonal Nirvana. They present no such redemption as constitutes the supreme glory of the Christian religion.

For Jehovah forgives sins. That is the unique characteristic of our faith. To David it came like a great and glorious discovery. He learned as he lay roaring beneath the strokes of the punishment of conscience and Providence, that with Jehovah is forgiveness and mercy. God, he found, will blot out sin, and remove it as far as the east is from the west; and he will remember it no more. This is the gospel of peace: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Consequences.

Some pious parents forgive their children—and then keep on nagging them. They cannot let a closed incident stay closed. They are forever bringing up past offenses to mar the present peace. God's better way is to wipe the slate clean. He forgives; and closes the transaction. That is why there was need for a Calvary. If man was to be happy it was essential that some plan should be devised for the bearing away of the intolerable load of sin.

Some consequences of sin can no more be escaped than scars can be erased; but this burden may easily be borne when one is sustained by a sense of pardon. I once met a convict in the Tennessee State penitentiary who was smiling when he told me that he was in for life. I quickly rejoined, "Then you are a Christian." "Yes," he said, "I am. In a drunken fury I killed a man. The state is now punishing me as I deserve. But I have made my peace with God, and am paying my debt to society, and am happy." No matter what one's lot, the knowledge that he has been forgiven of God and is at peace with Him is a deep-springing joy, like unto no other happiness in life. Even after such a sin as David's the pardoned penitent can cry:

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered."

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would be pleased to have some one tell me how to tell a full blood Jersey; also a half-blood.—B., Cherry Tree, Pa.

Will some reader of Farmstead tell me what to do for Texas fever, if there is a remedy for it? What causes it, and what are the symptoms?—Q., Junction City, Okla.

TO KEEP CIDER.

W., Moundsville, W. Va.: Heat your cider boiling hot, put it into fruit cans and seal hot, as in ordinary canning.—G., Arkport N. Y.

MOON FLOWER.

C., Crawford, Pa.: I can promise the moon flower will not be a pest with you unless your climate is a lot warmer than mine (lat. of Boston and 2,000 feet above tide). If you are at sea level and in the southern part you may succeed more or less, but these tropical vines cannot grow much in the north. Besides, the root, even if it is perennial in its southern home, could not possibly survive the winter in open ground in any part of Pennsylvania.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

SAVING THE CHERRY TREES.

Many of the cherry trees are being badly infested with the cherry slug. This is a very easy insect to control and it is hoped that no one will allow his cherry trees to be defoliated at this time of the year, which is always a serious calamity to the trees if it does not kill them outright.

There will be another brood of this slug appearing about a month later and anything that can be done to destroy the first brood will tend to lessen the second.

The best remedies to use, if there are many trees to be treated, are arsenate of lead, paris green or white hellebore sprayed upon the leaves. If arsenate of lead is used, prepare by mixing one pound of the poison in each 20 gallons of water. If paris green is used, prepare by mixing one pound of the poison in 100 gallons of water. These poisons are preferred providing there is no fruit upon the trees. If the cherries are still upon the trees it is better to use white hellebore. Mix one ounce with each three gallons of the water. This poison is best applied toward evening. It is a vegetable poison and loses its strength in a few days upon the trees, but when thoroughly applied is very efficient in destroying the slugs.

If only a few trees are infested, they may be thoroughly dusted with slaked lime or fine road dust, either of which will remove the slugs and s ave the trees.

CONCRETE FLOORS FOR BARNS

Wooden farm buildings in the older countries of Europe are rapidly disappearing. Material more durable is necessary and concrete is now being extensively used, because it is both sanitary and lasting.

For some years past the development of this country has been checked by the high prices of lumber. Many buildings that would under normal conditions have been erected have been abandoned. This is particularly true of farm buildings. However, now that there has been a drop from the abnormally high prices there will in all probability be a large number of buildings added to the farm in every community.

In barns cement floors have proven to be very satisfactory. There has been some complaint among dairymen because of damage to the cow's udder, but this may be overcome by covering the cement with planks or slats which can easily be removed and by bedding with straw. In horse stalls the front part may be built of wood and so much of the drive the proper slope to the rear end. For hogs there is no better flooring than cement. At farrowing time plenty of straw may be used.

Cement is easily kept clean and for gutters and feed alleys it is the best material to use. Properly finished with Portland cement a floor will last a lifetime and the cost is little more than wood.

According to statistics, in 1892 there was used in the United States approximately 185,000 barrels of Portland cement, while ten years later, in 1902, 17,230,000 barrels were used. Recent government figures show that in 1906 there was manufactured in the United States 51,000,000 barrels of hydraulic cement and in 1907 52,230,000. From this it is evident that the use of cement is increasing with greater rapidity in industries other than those classified as agricultural.

COYOTE PROOF FENCE.

Fencing the range to protect sheep from the attacks of predatory animals has met with excellent results in the Wallowa National Forest, Oregon. The problem was to find a strong fence that would make the sheep secure, even without the care of a herder.

The fence, which is built of woven wire with barbed wire on the top, has kept out all the minor animals such as wild cats, lynxes and coyotes, but has not withstood the attacks of the grizzlies, which are apparently able to rush through it with little trouble.

Sheep numbering 2,200 head were placed in the inclosure with their lambs on June 20 and have been allowed to graze at their free will with no attention whatever from any herder. They have done splendidly and as far as the observation of those in charge of the experiment goes, a given area grazed by sheep under such conditions will carry more sheep per acre than one grazed under the charge of a herder.

Tracks along the fence show that predatory animals come to the fence constantly and follow it around, but with the exception of the bears, do not seem able to enter.

The hunter employed by the service for hunting predatory animals in the vicinity of this fenced inclosure has killed no less than six large grizzlies this season, besides numerous other animals of the predatory class.

The results of this experiment are so satisfactory thus far that private individuals are profiting by it. Mr. J. W. Emmons, of Troy, Ore., has a large area of private land fenced with a special wire fence, in which he has this season lambed a herd of 670 ewes without a herder's care and with very little attention and great success. Mr. Emmons is extending his fence, for he finds that it pays.

Careful record will be kept of the weights of lambs raised inside this fence with a view of comparing them with the same grade of lambs raised outside the fence on the same class of range, so that any gains or losses in weight and growth may be determined.

ORPINGTONS.

The Orpingtons consist of buff, black and white varieties; the most extensively bred of the three is the buff. The first Orpingtons were imported from England a few years ago. The buffs have become quite popular over this country, and very deservedly so, for they are a first-class practical fowl. In shape they have long, round deep bodies, with very full breasts. The length of hackle feathers, flowing well on to the back, give that section the appearance of being short, when in reality it is not. The body is carried somewhat horizontal. In that particular it is entirely different from the Plymouth Rock in type. It is deep from the back down through the breast and body. In size they are just one-half pound heavier than the Plymouth Rocks—cocks 10 pounds; hens, 8 pounds; cockerels, 8½ pounds, and pullets, 7 pounds. The comb is single and medium in size, perhaps a trifle larger than the Plymouth Rock. Tails are full and well rounded in the male, and carried rather low. In females the tail is broad and full and carried medium low. Legs and skin of all the varieties are white or flesh color with a tinge of pink on the sides of legs of males. In color of plumage the buffs should be a rich golden buff in all sections, but in most cases it is very hard to obtain. The blacks should be a lustrous beetle or jet black, and as free from purple barring as possible. When you get them about right they are a most handsome fowl. The whites are quite rare and bred only in small numbers. In color they should be of a milky white, free from stain. Next to the determination of the purity of milk and cream, the presence or absence of bacteria greatly influences the price of milk on the market. A good method to determine the presence of an objectionable germ is as follows: Several small bottles or vials should be boiled in water for ten minutes, then drained, and stoppered with clean cotton. If these are filled with the milk to be tested and kept in a cool place for twenty-four hours the appearance of the sample will indicate the character of the bacteria that are most active. If the milk is unchanged, or if it has a firm curd, mostly favorable bacteria are present; if gas bubbles are rising or there is a curd much above by gas; it is a sign that the milk has been handled in an uncleanly manner, or that there is an objectionable germ in the udder of the cow; if there are highly offensive odors being given off it is a sign that there are bacteria at work digesting the curd of the milk.

PLANTING TREES.

It is a loss of money to plant trees on wet or undrained ground. If dry ground cannot be obtained the soil should be tile drained and put in good condition.

In setting out trees one should bear in mind the fact that you are not setting out a crop for a single year, but that it will remain for many years to come, and that errors made cannot easily be corrected, and for that reason trees should never be set out in a hurry or without due forethought.

Spring and fall planting both have their advocates, each claiming a special advantage over the other. For fall planting October is the best month in which to set the trees out, as a later planting might suffer from a freeze, thereby doing permanent injury.

FALL ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus growing is quite profitable and the plant is not particular as to its soil. While sandy loam for asparagus planting is to be preferred, even the most stubborn clay may be used for the production of excellent crops. The asparagus bed should be made with an idea of keeping it permanently, and, when it is considered that after five or six or seven years the roots penetrate the earth to a depth of several feet, the necessity for a deep bed may be easily seen. For field culture, however, it is not practical to make excavations too deep. When the surface of the field has been cleared of weeds and rubbish, trenches are to be dug not less than six feet apart by running a plow several times through the same furrow. Eight or ten inches of manure should then be thrown into each furrow and this should be covered lightly with pulverized soil. Upon this set one or two-year-old plants as speedily as possible after removal from the bed in which they grew. They should be placed about two feet apart and then be covered with a compost of earth and manure.

A proportion of potash, in the form of kanit or unbleached wood ashes, can with great advantage be mingled with the covering soil. In the growing of asparagus it must be remembered that no chemical or packing-house fertilizer can supply the place of stable manure as much for mechanical effect of the latter in keeping the soil loose and porous as for the humus, the nitrogen, and the phosphoric acid which it supplies in most valuable form to the plant.

In growing from seed about 15 pounds to the acre will be required, and this may be planted, as are the roots, where the plants are desired to grow, but the usual and more convenient practice among gardeners is to drill in close rows in shallow trenches heavily enriched and transplant the second season into the permanent trenches. The price of seed varies from 70 to 80 cents a pound.

The seed are hard, and, unless the season be rainy, will sprout more quickly and uniformly if first soaked for a few hours in hot water.

The after culture of asparagus consists in keeping the beds free of weeds by shallow plowing or hoeing and in heavily top dressing them late every autumn with barnyard litter, only the coarser portions of which are removed when the beds are forked over in the spring. If desirable, peas and other early crops may be grown between the rows.

Asparagus is a marine plant and is therefore greatly benefited by an annual application of 20 bushels of salt to the acre. Moderate cutting may begin the third spring on plants grown from seed, taking, of course, only the larger heads.

DWARF APPLE TREES.

Owing to the prevalence of the San Joe scale the dwarf apple tree is coming into favor in some parts of the country; at least it is being planted again by men who have an idea that they can fight insect pests on dwarf trees easier than they can on standard trees.

Dwarf trees are all right and would have been planted extensively years ago only for the fact that American farmers like to do business on a larger scale. A standard tree looks a great deal more important than a little dwarf tree. Probably the yield from an acre of standard apple trees in good, thrifty yield is greater than that from an acre of dwarf trees, but not necessarily so.

Dwarfs may be planted close together and their numerous little bushels may be made to fill up faster than the lesser number of big barrels from the standard trees. Dwarf pear trees have been an acknowledged success for a great many years.

DAIRY OBSERVATIONS.

The average Kansas farmer who milks to sell cream at all keeps four to six cows. The sale of milk and cream by farmers appears to be steadily on the increase, there are many farmers in the West and middle West who keep from twenty to forty cows and make it one of their main industries.

When beginning to feed green fodder it is best to keep it up all the rest of the season. To feed heavily on fodder for a few days and then stop suddenly will generally cause the flow of milk to decrease, even in the best of cows. Until ready to continue such feeding do not give the cow any fodder.

The tendency among American farmers is to give more attention to the regular testing of their herds by the use of the scalded and the fat test. Upon the whole, this is encouraging and promises well for dairying among farmers. Next to the determination of the purity of milk and cream, the presence or absence of bacteria greatly influences the price of milk on the market. A good method to determine the presence of an objectionable germ is as follows: Several small bottles or vials should be boiled in water for ten minutes, then drained, and stoppered with clean cotton. If these are filled with the milk to be tested and kept in a cool place for twenty-four hours the appearance of the sample will indicate the character of the bacteria that are most active. If the milk is unchanged, or if it has a firm curd, mostly favorable bacteria are present; if gas bubbles are rising or there is a curd much above by gas; it is a sign that the milk has been handled in an uncleanly manner, or that there is an objectionable germ in the udder of the cow; if there are highly offensive odors being given off it is a sign that there are bacteria at work digesting the curd of the milk.

REARING OF FALL DUCKS.

It is said fall ducks are by no means hard birds to rear. There is no occasion for losing them after they are 30 days old. They require little attention though an ample amount of the proper food must be fed. Bread is not by any means a sufficient ration for ducks up to two weeks old, though bread soaked in milk and squeezed fairly dry is good for them the first few days. After that they should have some corn meal and bran added, and when they are two weeks old the bread may be discontinued altogether if it is hard to get in sufficient quantity. The proper feed for your ducks now is one part corn meal, two parts bran, one-quarter of a part high grade beef scraps, and 5 per cent coarse sand or fine grit mixed dry and then moistened, but not made wet or sloppy, with milk or water. The ducks should have a cool place to sleep at night, an open shed affording sufficient protection. They should have a green run, and if that is impossible they should have all the young tender clover that they will eat, cut in the morning while the dew is on it, and fed immediately. Never allow it to stand before them and wilt. Ducks must have plenty of green food and a fair amount of animal food or they will not do well. Be sure they have shade to protect them from the sun.

KNOCKING.

Washington Post.

In Peoria, Ill., the other day, a man created great excitement by running amuck with a hammer. Is there anything so strange about that during a presidential campaign.

This Man Tells, Free of Cost or Charge,

How Men and Women, Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic Sufferers, May Cure Themselves at Home, FREE

He Sends the Book—The Prescription—and the Remedy to Test—All Free, Prepaid and Sealed—To All Who Write.

READ HIS GENEROUS OFFER.

If you suffer with Kidney or Bladder trouble or Rheumatism—if your days are a horror and your nights a despair with any of the symptoms of these strength-consuming, vigor-sapping diseases, such as—

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of the urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain and soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

Do This — — — — — — —

Sit right down without one instant's further waste of precious time and send a letter, short, like this, to me: Dear doctor—I notice symptoms number (then put down the numbers.) Sign your name and age and send it to me. That's all—send no money.

By return mail, sealed and secured and prepaid and free of charge, absolutely free of charge, or obligation on your part—I will send you help—a great deal of help, real, honest, practical skillful, experienced help.

My Fourfold Free Offer.

First: I will give you a full and complete professional letter of advice on your case.

Second: I will send you a book—a great big book—the biggest book of its kind ever printed for the general public that tells in plain American language, fully illustrated by medical pictures, all about the cause, treatment and cure of Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Rheumatic diseases and how modern scientific methods are curing them permanently, to the delight and astonishment of all—especially old school physicians who only a short time ago believed these ailments to be absolutely incurable.

How to Be Cured at Home.

Third: I will show you how you may cure yourself quietly and safely at home and send you a description of the ingredients of a recipe

$1.00 Package Free.

Quickly Removes Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair and Itching Scalp. Changes Gray or Faded Hair To Its Natural Color. Grows New Hair.

Don't Ask You To Take My Word For It. Fill Out Free Coupon Below and Mail Today For a Free $1.00 Package That Will Prove All I Claim.

Before and After Using the Wonderful Foso Compound.

This is a typical American beauty, the handsomest of women, but what would she look like without her wonderful head of hair? Why don't you have hair like it? Foso will grow it for you. Get the Free $1.00 package and use it at once.

Before and After.

Dandruff Is Easily Removed

Using Foso. Sometimes a single treatment will do it if thoroughly applied. All scalp diseases quickly yield to this treatment. A trial will speedily convince you.

No More Gray Hair

Foso Hair and Scalp Remedy brings your hair back to its natural color, tone and vigor. It is not a dye, but a pure hair food that destroys the cause of the trouble and assists nature to supply the pigment or coloring matter. Why look old before your time?

Food For Hair

Hair is as necessary as for the body. Hair, lacking proper nourishment, gets dry, brittle and dull in appearance. Life and gloss disappear when the food elements required are lacking, and the scalp is not able to supply the same. Foso invigorates and promotes what nature demands. Good hair is an index to good health.

Falling Hair Is Sick Hair

Foso remedies it, makes hair healthy, stops falling hair and promotes new growth on bald spots. Natural color restored, dandruff removed, inflammation stopped. All germs hidden under scale or dandruff, that are sapping the life of the hair, are destroyed and health and vigor renewed. Try it; it will delight you.

Baldheads Rejoice

When they try Foso. Thousands of men and women who had been bald for years now have a beautiful head of hair grown by the proper use of Foso, which is the great and famous treatment for all diseases of the hair and scalp. Foso also insures a luxuriant growth to eyebrows and eyelashes.

Why Comb Out Hairs

When you can keep them? When the scalp is put in a healthy condition, the roots nourished and scalp cleaned by using Foso, the hair will stop coming out and grow in thicker and glossy.

Healthy Hair Is Moist; Is Yours?

If the natural oil is lacking, your hair will become dry, harsh, brittle and split. Foso gets at the trouble by assisting nature to put in a healthy condition the parts that come into play in supplying the oil and properly distributing the same. Try it once; you'll use it all the time.

Free $1.00 Package Coupon

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 8481 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

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Give full address—write plainly.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Will you give a short history of the Lutheran church in America?—M. M. C., Jerrys ..., W. Va.

The Lutheran creed was brought over to America by the first Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam in 1623, the first Lutheran pastor coming over in 1664. Swedish Lutherans followed in 1637, and Germans in 1742. The church grew rapidly under capable ministers and synods were formed in Pennsylvania in 1744; New York, 1786; North Carolina, 1803, and Ohio, 1818. The General Synod was founded in 1820, and its organization was a great benefit in centralizing and strengthening both the missionary and domestic activities of the church. In 1860 it comprised 26 synods, but as the result of the civil war the synods of the north were divided from those of the south. The southern one became known as the United Synod of the South. In 1866 the general synod became divided over the questions of conservatism and liberalism, one party desiring to draw closer the distinctive lines of Lutheran doctrine, and the other preferring to Lutheran exclusiveness an inter-communion and fraternal understanding with other denominations. The conservatives withdrew from the general synod in 1867. They united themselves with the extensive Lutheran synods from immigrants from various foreign countries. The Lutheran church in the United States has grown with great rapidity in the north and middle west. There are several independent Lutheran churches in the country. Besides these there are three distinct Norwegian and five German Lutheran, two Danish synods, one Finnish and Icelandic synod. The general synod is mostly comprised of Anglo-Saxon and English-speaking people, the United synod entirely so. Lutherans in the United states are not, strictly speaking, congregational in polity. Each congregation is generally made by them to be the unit of administrative power, both in the representative bodies and in the court of appeal, and from them the synods gain all their authority. The Missouri conference and the joint synod of Ohio are composed of congregations perfectly independent and self-governing. The synod has no power, legislative or judicial, over a congregation, but is merely an advisory body whose decisions must be ratified by the congregation before they can be accepted as decrees of the church. Up to the year 1903 there were 7,116 Lutheran ministers, 11,874 congregations, and 1,868,502 communicants in the United States.

THE REFERENDUM.

What is the referendum? Has any party endorsed it in its platform, and, if so, what party?—C. C. H., Corry, Pa.

Neither the Republican nor Democratic party has made the referendum a plank in its platform. Referendum is a reference to the popular vote of a question whether a measure shall become a law. American state constitutions and amendments thereto are adopted by popular vote, and special measures are sometimes submitted by legislative action to the decision of the electors. In some cantons of Switzerland a method resembling the referendum has been practiced since the sixteenth century. According to the Swiss federal constitution, all constitutional amendments must be ratified by the Swiss electorate before they become law. Other measures must be submitted to the popular vote. From 1874 to 1891, out of 149 laws, 27 were referred to the people; of these 15 were rejected. The referendum is now generally regarded as a check on hasty and class legislation.

SOLDIERS' HOMES.

What states have national soldiers' homes, and what have state homes? Where are the homes located?—W. W. M., Olney, Ill.

The National Soldiers' home is in Washington, D. C. There are branches of the national home at Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; Johnson City, Tenn., and Hot Springs, S. D. The state homes are located at Yountville, Cal.; Monte Vista, Col.; Noroton Heights, Conn.; Boise, Idaho; Quincy, Ill.; Lafayette, Ind.; Marshalltown, Ia.; Fort Dodge, Kan.; Chelsea, Mass.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Minnehaha, Minn.; St. James, Mo.; Columbus Falls, Mont.; Grand Island, Neb.; Milford, Neb.; Tilton, N. H.; Kearny, N. J.; Vineland, N. J.; Bath, N. Y.; Oxford, N. Y.; Lisbon, N. D.; Sandusky, O.; Roseburg, Ore.; Erie, Pa.; Bristol, R. I.; Hot Springs, S. D.; Bennington, Vt.; Orting, Wash.; Waupaca, Wis., and Cheyenne, Wyo.

TO SILVER MIRRORS.

Will you tell how to silver mirrors?—J. R., Riceville, Pa.

The usual process of silvering a mirror is to coat the glass with an amalgam. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone table is provided; upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tinfoil without crack or flaw; this is covered uniformly to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed from all grease and impurity, is floated on to the mercury carefully, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to press out all the murcury which remains fluid, which is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 24 hours it is raised gently upon its edge, and in a few weeks is ready to frame. It is desirable to have the lower end of the glass, from which the mercury was drained, at the bottom of the frame.

THE PRESIDENTS.

Will you please give the political party the different Presidents belonged to? Also give their age and residence when they became President.—M. R., Hillsdale, Mich.

Washington, Federalist, was 57 years of age, resided in Mount Vernon, Va.; Adams, Federalist, was 61 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson, Republican (a), was 57 years of age, resided in Monticello, Va.; Madison, Republican, was 57 years of age, resided in Montpelier, Va.; Monroe, Republican, was 58 years of age, resided in Oak Hill, Va.; J. Q. Adams, Republican (b), was 57 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass.; Jackson, Democrat, was 61 years of age, resided in Hermitage, Tenn.; Van Buren, Democrat, was 54 years of age, resided in Kinderhook, N. Y.; Harrison, Whig, 68 years of age, resided in North Bend, O.; Tyler, Democrat, 51 years of age, resided in Williamsburg, Va.; Polk, Democrat, 49 years of age, resided in Nashville, Tenn.; Taylor, Whig, 64 years of age, resided in Baton Rouge, La.; Fillmore, Whig, 50 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; Pierce, Democrat, was 48 years of age, resided in Concord, N. H.; Buchanan, Democrat, was 65 years of age, resided in Wheatland, Pa.; Lincoln, Republican, was 52 years of age, resided in Springfield, Ill.; Johnson, Republican, was 56 years of age, resided in Greenville, Tenn.; Grant, Republican, was 46 years of age, resided in Washington, D. C.; Hayes, Republican, was 54 years of age, resided in Fremont, O.; Garfield, Republican, was 49 years of age, resided in Mentor, O.; Arthur, Republican, was 50 years of age, resided in New York City; Cleveland, Democrat, was 47 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; B. Harrison, Republican, was 55 years of age, resided in Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland, Democrat, was 56 years of age, resided in New York City; McKinley, Republican, was 53 years of age, resided in Canton, O., and Roosevelt, Republican, was 42 years of age, resided in Oyster Bay, N. Y.

THE DE GOLYER CONTRACT.

Please give the story of the De Golyer contract.—C. J. H., Burton, O.

In 1872 the board of public works at Washington, D. C., had under advisement about 40 different kinds of pavements, one of which it intended to select for use. James A. Garfield was retained by the attorney of the De Golyer and McClellan patent to prepare a brief on this patent and to argue its merits before the board, the attorney himself having been called away from Washington. For these services he received a fee of $5,000. It was charged, and the charge was revived during the presidential campaign of 1880, that Garfield had done no work to deserve this fee, which had been given, it was said, as a bribe to influence his action in congress, and especially as chairman of the appropriations committee of the house. On the other hand, it was shown that he did considerable laborious work in connection with the matter, and that, moreover, the money required had already been voted, so that the alleged bribe would have been on the rather remote contingency of a deficiency and a consequent additional appropriation. Moreover, the objections to the whole transaction were not to the pavement itself, but to the contract with the company, and with this Garfield had no connection.

THE BANK GUARANTY.

B. B. T., Collins, O.: In his letter of acceptance Mr. Taft made the following remark on the guaranty of bank deposits: "A plan for a guaranty of deposits by the voluntary act of the banks involved has been favorably reported to the house of representatives. This is of course entirely different from the scheme in the Democratic platform, omitting as it does, the features of compulsory participation and government guaranty. This proposition will unquestionably receive the thoughtful consideration of the national monetary commission."

It may interest our inquirer to read what Mr. Taft had to say in a speech at Minneapolis, September 26, on bank guaranty:

"My information with respect to the Oklahoma system is that it is developing as might be expected. I have a correspondent who is intimately acquainted with the conditions in Oklahoma. In a letter of Sept. 22, 1908, in speaking of the effect of the guaranty of deposit law, he uses the following language:

"'Conditions in Oklahoma are growing worse than was expected on account of the recent decision there whereby it was decided that the bank commissioner has no right to refuse to grant a charter to parties proposing to organize a bank. As an instance, in a town of less than 500 people as many as four banks have been organized. Application is now in for the organization of a fourth bank in one town of only 470 population.

"Men whose past record proved them to be incompetent are engaging in the banking business and getting in control of banking institutions. I have knowledge of one instance where a man was engaged in business some years ago and failed. He went to another town and engaged in the same line of business in his wife's name, but conducted her affairs in such an unbusinesslike way that she failed. Some time afterward he went to Oklahoma territory and started a small bank, but found he could not succeed and sold to other parties and left the territory. A few months ago, however, he returned and started another state bank, advertising that the depositors are secured under the state guaranty law, and after 60 days' operation he now has over $100,000 deposits. I have it from the best authority that he now proposes to start 15 new state banks throughout the state, two of which have already been organized and one now doing business.'"

DIVIDING ELECTORAL VOTE.

Will The Blade explain, through the Question Bureau, how the electoral vote of a state can be divided, as in the case of Ohio, when the state, in 1892, gave Grover Cleveland one electoral vote?—N. M., Wellington, O.

Such a thing may easily happen under the Australian ballot system where the popular vote is very close. In the case our inquirer refers to, Cleveland received one electoral vote and Harrison 22. The popular vote was: Harrison, 405,187; Cleveland, 404,115, giving the Republican nominee a plurality of 1,072. In an effort to vote the Democratic ticket, a number of voters put an X in front of the name of the first elector, instead of paling it in the circle at the top. These votes counted only for the one man, and, the vote being close, there were enough of them to elect him. It was a lack of intelligent voting. Where the vote is largely in favor of one ticket such a result is not probable.

VANADIUM.

Please tell what you can about vanadium. What is it used for? Where is it mined?—W. M. J., Franklin, Pa.

Vanadium is a rare element that is closely related to arsenic, phosphorus and nitrogen in its general chemical behavior. Vanadium is found widely distributed in nature, but in very small quantities and always in combination. The most important minerals containing it are vanadinite and decloisite. It is also found in many copper, lead and iron ores. It is a reddish yellow powder that dissolves readily in alkaline hydroxides or carbonates, forming salts called vandates. These salts, like those of phosphoric acid, exist in three forms—ortho, pyro and meta. Ammonium metavanadate is used in the manufacture of a dye called aniline black and also in the preparation of vanadium ink. Vanadinite is found principally in New Mexico. It is also found at Wanlockhead, in Scotland, where it occurs in small, globular, crystalline masses, in Corinthia and Argentina.

GOLDEN SEAL.

Will you please tell me where golden seal grows and for what it is used?—J. C. C., Hampton, Tenn.

Golden seal is a perennial plant and grows in the wooded regions throughout the eastern United States. It sends up in early spring a hairy stem about a foot high, with large, deeply lobed leaves and a single greenish white flower, followed by a head of crimson berries which resemble a raspberry. The root-stock is gathered by country people, especially in the south, for the sake of its thick orange-yellow bark from which a drastic and tonic medicine is made.

GAME AND FISH LAWS.

Please give the game and fish laws of Ohio.—G. T., Downington, O.

The open seasons for game and fishing are as follows:

Quail, from November 15 to December 4, both inclusive.

Woodcock or Carolina Dove, from September 1 to December 4, inclusive.

Wild duck, wild geese, rail, shore bird, plover, snipe, wild swan, coot or mud hen, from September 1 to December 31, inclusive. Spring, from March 1 to April 20, inclusive.

Ruffled grouse, Mongolian pheasant, ring-necked or other pheasant, not before 1913, and from November 15 to December 4, inclusive, thereafter.

Rabbit, from November 15 to December 4, inclusive, (with gun).

Squirrel, from October 1 to October 31, inclusive.

Raccoon, from November 1 to March 1, inclusive.

Black bass cannot be caught in the inland fishing district from May 1 to 31, both inclusive. In the Lake Erie district, from May 25 to July 15, both inclusive.

It is unlawful to sell, offer for sale, expose for sale or barter away, rock bass, strawberry or calico bass, croppies, blue gills or sunfish whether caught in the state or outside of the state.

It is unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale, expose for sale, quail, wild duck or any other game bird or any squirrel, at any time, whether killed within the state or elsewhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. P. G., Colorado Springs, Colo.: The Nasby Letters are out of print. We cannot help you.

W. F. G., Jackson, Mich.: Kansas City Mo., and Kansas City, Kan., are divided by a river. But in one part of the city, Kansas is the Kansas river and south of the Missouri, the dividing line between the two cities is a street.

H. C. P., Union Mills, Pa.: There is no registration and no voting in Washington. The laws of your state have full control of the matter.

G. A. F., Crescent, N. C.: In Nebraska the Republicans are in power. As far as we know the negro children and white children attend the same schools.

S. A. D., Lawrence, Kan.: There is not sufficient space in these columns for The Blade to give a sketch of all the presidents.

W. P. K., Utica, O.: The Bureau doesn't know exactly what was in the minds of the lawmakers who fixed "the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November" as election day. However, that is the way the law reads. It may have been meant to keep election day from falling on the first day of November.

A. J., Tylersville, Pa.: It is our opinion that you cannot draw a pension under the dependent law. However, you might do well to write to the pension department.

F. W., Harvey, Ill.: W. J. Bryan is a Presbyterian.

C. A. W., Wingate, Ind.: Write to Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of Interior, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, for the information you desire.

W. H. C., West Milton, O.: We cannot give you a sketch of Samual Maynard, the mathematician.

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HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery Blood or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

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UNCLE SAM ENFORCES LAWS

Government Motor Boat Has a Busy Time Near Detroit.

The first United States government patrol boat commissioned to enforce the rules for navigation of small boats on the lakes was placed on the Detroit river a few weeks ago. Since that time 30 boats have been paid the penalty of rule infractions and $6,000 has been paid into the United States treasury in fines by Detroit boat owners.

"Woof—woof—woof—woof—woof!"

It was a bright sunshiny afternoon as the United States patrol boat Sunbeam shot out from the Union dock at the foot of Holcomb avenue at Detroit. Some half dozen motor boats in the vicinity tooted their whistles gently and bells tapped nervously as owners inspected accoutrements aboard. Cursing softly the pilot of a little 18-footer, just leaving a neighboring dock, slid hastily back into the slip's shelter to come forth no more till the ranger had ceased her cruising for the day.

The Sunbeam tarried not, apparently saw not, but as she shot away toward the upper river Skipper Tim Keane, known in a scant two months to be a terror to violators of the Detroit river marine road laws, sat in the stern. Perhaps the nearby crafts were plainly equipped within the law, perhaps their lockers had been delved into on previous cruises of the Sunbeam. Skipper Tim gave them no notice, although his eyes roved ever over the surface of the river and a long 44-caliber sporting gun lay easily at hand. Straight for the head of the island the Sunbeam steered, leaping gradually to near her maximum speed, 15 miles per hour.

Thought Warning a Joke.

When word came that the United States government would endeavor to enforce the navigation laws before unheeded by small craft, motor boat owners din't regard the warning very seriously. Even the news that the Sunbeam was in commission was greeted without alarm.

"They'll surely give us one chance without fine," the owners said, and it was only when a half dozen craft were pulled in on the first cruise of Skipper Keane and their owners swelled the government coffers each with a $200 assessment that there was a scurrying to shelter and a boom in demand for red and green lights, whistles, bells and pilot rules that caused a near famine among local dealers in boat equipment.

But back to the Sunbeam in the midst of her cruise. A mile above the island the patrol boat turned and holding her power ready to leap to speed on the instant she drifted slowly down stream. A little boat to starboard hailed, heeded the government ensign, and came alongside. A glance showed her properly equipped and in an instant she leaped away.

A big boat off to port paid no heed to a similar summons. Apparently blind to the presence of the government craft she but noticeably increased her speed, and by the time the Sunbeam also was going full tilt she was skimming well in the wake of the fleeting craft and either boat was scarcely distinguishable for the roll of water sweeping clear above the bulwarks.

The Race of the Motor Boats.

At the head of the island there was no change in position, and at Belle Isle bridge Capt. Keane swore under his breath as necessity of avoiding a ferry steamer lost the Sunbeam a quarter mile in the wild chase. The pursued craft meanwhile swept steadily on, the Sunbeam holding gamely to her trail but gaining never an inch. Past the Maria Martin, anchored in mid-river, past the upper elevators the motor boats raced; at the revenue cutter Morrell there was no change in position, and the jackies aboard cheered lustily as they recognized the United States customs ensign and realized the significance of the chase.

Not till the Sunbeam passed the foot of Woodward avenue did the race near its end. Suddenly the purring of the fleeing motor was broken by an unnatural "Whoof!"

"Good," breathed Keane, as a sudden veering of the course of the craft ahead gave evidence that somewhere the delicate machinery had slipped a cog. The launch lessened her speed rapidly and the government officers fingered their guns nervously, as the Sunbeam, an instant later, shot alongside.

"Hello, Tim," spoke a friend, "just thought we'd try the famed speed of your craft. I guess you'll find us equipped all right, but you would never have caught us if this chain hadn't slipped."

"Get a good boat and she won't slip. I thought it was you, Charlie, but —— you, when I hailed, you ran."

Skipper Keane was plainly pleased when perfect equipment of his friend's craft made arrest unnecessary.

Real Work in Darkness.

Dusk had fallen over the water before the Sunbeam had again attained the head of the river, but in the trip up, nine boats were examined and two were found law violators. One paid a fine the next morning for failing to carry pilot rules, the second was minus alike bell and whistle.

With darkness the real fun for the Sunbeam began. Hailing boats in broad daylight is easy, creeping about in the darkness to overhaul a craft running totally unmarked by lights is no easy task. Two motor boats were pinched, each for failing to carry port and starboard lights, a sailing craft likewise carried only a white light at the masthead. The boats surrendered without much trouble.

Suddenly a large craft, running dark, cut dangerously close across the bow of the Sunbeam. In an instant the government boat was in hot pursuit. Almost within reach was the fleeing craft, as she shot across the head of the island, when suddenly Skipper Keane gave the word to cease the chase.

"In Canadian water," he remarked, and then as a taunting shout rose from the other boat. "Yell, —— you, I'll get you yet."

The motor boat had crept across into King Edward's dominion, beyond the border of which Uncle Sam's officials dare not tread.

Back at the head of the island there was a scurrying among the little boats, unlighted, canoes slipped quickly into island waterways just in time to avoid the government boat. Beyond the island entrances away from the navigable waters of the United States the canoe occupants gave forth triumphant cheers to the dangerous skimming cruiser of Uncle Sam.

SLIVERS OF THOUGHT.

A jury is a body of twelve men that decides which lawyer is the smarter.

Praising a woman's pie is all right, but what she wants is a man who will eat it!

Ninety per cent of people think more seriously of marriage after they are wedded than before.

Many a man has guessed a woman's age and then estimated out loud that she was ten years younger.

The man who kicked all summer about its being hot, will now begin to explain that he always did like summer best.

It is not good form to act overjoyed when a friend repays that $5 he owed you. He may think you never expected to get it back.

A famous French physician advises fat people against auto speeding. Does he refer to the fat man in the road or the one in the car?

A pretty woman will get charity money from a man who would order a hungry man kicked down four flights of stairs for begging.

Old fellows who laugh at the youth of today because he begins to shave as soon as the down comes on his lip, should recall how they used to daub hair oil on their hair and sit for hours with their toes against a board, curving the toes of their shoes upward!—Byron Williams.

A LOVER AND A LASS.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

Beneath the bright silence of the eternal stars, at the end of one of those days a reluctant summer drops into the lap of autumn, in front of a mountain hotel's broadside of light, there stood a lover and a lass. They were living one of the chapters of the story that has come down through the ages and has no ending.

The hotel season was late in closing. People lingered for the exhilaration of the crisp freshness of the morning air, which came along with the sunshine through the open windows. The hardy flowers in the gardens were in their luxuriant last bloom. In the night, the frost worked its will, and each morning the boughs of the trees let in more of Heaven between them. The autumn, with its gorgeous colors of decay, its annual pageant of farewell, painted brilliantly mountainside and valley, blighting here and there the growing things that were summer's children.

"Isn't it beautiful?" the lass murmured.

"It is very beautiful," answered the lover, his eyes fixed on the face of the lass, and seeing nothing else.

The lover spent much of his time in the mountains, superintending his father's lumber interests. He was every inch the workman when need be, and it was in this guise that he first met the lass. Known by all who frequented the mountains, either as residents or as regular summer visitors, it was a matter of course for some one to introduce Mr. John Hamilton to Miss Katherine Murray, when he came to the hotel one morning. It was Katherine's first season there and she took it that the tall, muscular Mr. Hamilton was a mountain resident. She greeted him graciously. Then an awkward silence sprang between them, and in the time of that silence, the lover sprang into life.

Every line of the lass was perfect, in her linen gown of white, trim-belted, and as trimly collared. The glimpse she allowed him of her eyes told him they were beautiful and true; young, happy eyes—eyes that were vigorous, bright and fresh. She was taller than most young women, but the length of her body only brought her head a little higher than his shoulder.

And he, who was the lover, looked as though neither gods nor men could stop him from a purpose. There was little of the past in his appearance, and much of promise for the future.

Work had been always the emphasis of his life after his boyhood was over; work and reading, which should enable him to carry on his father's vast affairs when the hand now at the helm should begin to tremble.

"You should have been married before now," his father advised him.

"Yes, yes, when I can take the time," his son answered carelessly, but it was quite evident his thoughts and plans were far from love and loving.

"Well," his father said, "don't look at it as a matter of business. It's your love for a good woman, and a good woman's love for you, that'll make you happy and life worth living. Come down from the mountains now and then; somewhere there's a girl whose waiting for you. That's sure. Come down to the levels and find her."

"Not this year, father," his son returned. "I've some fine plans in my mind that'll take a year, at least, to materialize. After that—" His voice stopped suddenly, but the exression in his eyes told that his mind was far away from courting and marrying.

"You're different from other men of your age," his father remarked impatiently. "You're a giant of strength and ability compared to most of them, but your eyes are blind and you're in a snoring slumber when it comes to some things. Wake up, while life is young and you still can look forward."

"Yes, father," he answered respectfully.

"You've a heart of gold that's turning to spurious metal. What do you want with so much money?" his father demanded, and then, in his indignation, he walked heavily away, without waiting for an answer.

This was before the lover had met the lass.

At their first meeting, with its momentary embarrassing silence, when they became composed enough to speak, it was to fall back upon the conventional topic between strangers, and to converse about the weather.

"What lovely days you have here in the mountains," ventured the lass.

"Indeed we do. It's seldom anything but pleasant during the summer. And the winters," he went on, with gathering courage, "there's a dazzle of snow, and great, gusty storms that lash the trees and sway them, and sometimes the winds cry and moan through the night, almost like human voices."

He stopped abruptly and glanced at the lass, wondering what manner of girl was this, who made him talk so freely. Beyond a question she was listening to him with interest. He had no small talk as his command, and this proved a greater count in his favor than if he had begun with the usual polite nothings.

"Would you—would you," he hesitated, "oblige me"—he meant to say "give me the pleasure?" of taking a mountain climb with me some day? I think I could show you some wonderful places."

"I should love it," the lass returned, eyes and lips speaking her pleasure. The lover, with an almost choking throb of his heart, swayed toward her involuntarily, and then brought himself up quickly.

"I beg your pardon," he said "the ground is a little uneven here." And he, a skilled mountain climber.

Before they separated, a day was selected for them to take the climb. It was two or three days in the future. Meanwhile, the lass was hearing that "Hamilton was a good sort; a fine fellow; queer in his ways. Thought more of work than of his money, and had no use for society. Queer he should be all for work when he was the son of the lumber king, Hamilton."

The lass was interested in these remarks, but she cared more for the man and his manner as she had seen him. She remembered exactly how tall and strong and dependable he seemed, standing with his back to the wooded hill crests, cutting sharp against the sky.

The day when they were to "see some wonderful places" she held in bright anticipation, but the day came and passed without the lover.

"He was probably detained for some reason," said the lass to herself, never dreaming he had become absorbed in work and had forgotten the engagement. When he remembered, he went at once to the hotel where he found a haughty lass to greet him.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked in a direct, anxious manner, "I was so hard at work I forgot to come."

He told the truth, as it was his habit to do, and, while he longed for forgiveness, and was more the lover than ever, he could not say more. He was a failure when it came to inventing excuses.

The lass, unaccustomed to such genuiness, felt her anger vanish in a smile, which finally merged into laughter.

"Of course I'll forgive you," she said, when the ripples left her voice, "if you promise not to forget again."

"Don't, please don't ask me to do that, I'm so occupied with my work and I seldom think of girls. Pardon me, but I might forget again," he said earnestly, "but I should not mean to, indeed I should not, especially you."

It was not many weeks before the lover telegraphed to his father to "come and see her," which was rather an audacious proceeding on his part, as the lass had not been fully informed of the situation.

Having received word of the hour of his arrival, the lover went to meet his father at the station. His first words, when they were settled for their drive up the mountainside, were: "Father, I've taken your advice. I'm going to be married."

His father knowing the young man's impetuous ways, asked carelessly, "does she know it?"

"Why, well, to tell the truth, I'm not sure that she does, but I'll tell her about my plan and see what she says. Why father," he went on in lover's rapture, "she's the sweetest, dearest, loveliest girl on earth. And she has the sweetest disposition! She'll even forgive being forgotten. She was a darling and seemed to understand me when, at the first of our acquaintance, I forgot to be present at some of our engagements. Not many girls would be as generous as that!"

"Um, yes," his father commented, glancing at his son quizzically, out of the corners of his shrewd eyes, "so you found time to look for the girl sooner than you expected. Hope she's all right," he grumbled, his paternal jealousy arising.

"Father!" the lover remonstrated, "don't think she's anything less than an angel, because she's more than that, even more than that! Wait till you see her before you pass judgment."

"I can wait," the older man answered sadly, suddenly feeling deserted and lonely, now that what he had wished for seemed about to happen. He sighed with the thought that some one else was first with his son, and then he set himself to accept fate's ruling.

He went to the hotel, saw the lass, and was introduced. "This is my father, Miss Murray," he said, looking from one to the other with a proud air of ownership.

The elder Hamilton spent half the evening with the lass, while the lover spent the same half of the evening, staring anxiously at them from a doorway. When his father joined his son, it was to say, briefly, "you better ask her soon, my boy. I think you two will be happy. There're not many girls like her."

He walked steadily away, erect of figure and with his shoulders thrown back, making a brave showing before the world. When he reached the outside darkness, his shoulders drooped and he looked old and weary. "It's all right," he murmured, "it's what I want the boy to do."

And so the days passed until it was the night before the lass was going home. The lover did not forget to be with her that evening, or to maneuver so that they might slip away unnoticed from the cheery, firelit room, where the guests who still remained were assembled. The lover wanted to act upon his father's advice before the coming of this last evening, but someway, of late, the lass had grown inaccessible and evasive. He could not ask her the question that always comes in the ancient story, until the evening gave him his opportunity.

He picked up some one's heavy, soft wrap, left conveniently near, and throwing it across her shoulders, took her out on the broad, deserted veranda, where the dry leaves, whirled by the wind, scuttered and danced in elfish carnival.

Then up spoke the lover, bravely.

"Girl o' my heart, do you know you're going to marry me?"

He had intended to speak commandingly. Instead, his voice quavered away in a zig-zag until its sound was a whisper.

Impatient at his lack of bravery, he thought more forceful means might be successful. He took the lass in both of his arms, and held her as if he intended to hold her forever.

This time he began with a whisper, not daring to trust his traitor of a voice again.

"Dear heart, do you know you're going to make me the happiest man in the world if you'll say you'll marry me?"

"Oh," cried the lass in a muffled voice, "if you'll give me a little air to breathe, I'll tell you the answer."

What need was there for more than this? It was a lover and a lass with the world before them, and one, large, blanket shawl, which made a warm wrap for two.

A PIKE COUNTY OP

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Mr. Taft is winning his way wherever he goes.

Peary reports ice ten feet thick. But he does not say he is cutting much.

The man who wants but little here below is usually willing to compromise on a political office.

With apologies to the late Bill Nye, it may be remarked that "the leaves is gently falling."

If the duke of Abruzzi gets a principality he will be boss. If he gets married he may not be.

Why shouldn't Roosevelt lecture in Europe? Some of the Europeans need a good lecture.

Airships will not become popular with young people until the boys learn to operate them with one hand.

"Anyone got his hand over Chancellor Day's mouth?" asks the Detroit Free Press. You mean hands, don't you?

Governor Hughes talks like a man who wouldn't give the snap of his finger for the support of a certain class of people.

A new comet without a tail has been discovered. No opportunity for tying a tin can to a phenomenon like that.

Mr. Bryan says Governor Hughes is the servant of the trusts. He must have gotten that bit of news out of the Commoner.

The idea of making Mr. Roosevelt president of the whole world will not make a hit with President Castro, of Venezuela.

Harry Thaw found going insane quite convenient, but it annoys him greatly to think of having to remain insane for an indefinite period.

An eastern paper wants to know something about the standing of Alton B. Parker. His standing seems better than his running.

Bryan says that his opponent is unjust. The truth of the matter is that the opposition hasn't begun to say what Bryan is.

Minister Wu Ting Fang says he never spoke to his wife before he was married to her. Never had no fun a courtin'? What a dull system.

Prof. Starr, of Chicago, says the Filipinos are not lazy. All the same they seem ready to accept almost any office that is offered them.

One man has willed his brain to Professor Wilder, of Cornell university. No bequests of that kind have as yet been made to Chancellor Day.

About the only time King Peter of Servia gets any mention in the newspapers is when he has a lot of accumulated bother on his hands.

Prussia is reducing the income tax on married men who have children. Prussia certainly understands how to hand something to the bachelors.

The result will probably be the election of Taft, with Bryan holding the record for the greatest number of speeches delivered in one day.

If Mr. Taft went into the campaign simply to convince the people that he is an effective stump speaker he has certainly accomplished his purpose.

Of course there will remain some Democratic victories in different parts of the country. Mr. Taft cannot visit every precinct in one brief campaign.

An Iowa farmer has just sold his corn crop for $12,390. It would be interesting to know how much he has contributed to the Bryan campaign fund.

Down in Georgia, they say, prohibition has caused a decrease in marriages. Probably the men now feel they do not need a wife to support them.

Claims against the estate of John Alexander Dowie amount to $5,000,000. If John knows anything about it he may change his mind and not come back to earth.

"There are no Alfred Austins in the United States," says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Perhaps the waste baskets of the country are to be thanked for it.

How about the babies of those English suffragettes? Are they at home swallowing safety pins while the mothers are jostling the police for their rights?

Those English suffragettes, if we are to believe some of the pictures printed in the newspapers, are unable to keep their hats on straight while rushing parliament.

Some men seem not to care how much trouble they leave behind them when they pass on to that other shore. Three widows are claiming the estate of a Boston man.

It is charged in a Massachusetts court that an attempt has been made to hypnotize a witness. This is an improvement on the usual trick of trying to annihilate him.

Such determination and everlasting perseverance as those English suffragettes possess would wash a big stack of dishes and bake a lot of bread if directed toward the performance of such stunts.

THE BASIC ISSUES.

In their final analysis the issues of the campaign of 1908 resolve themselves into two basic propositions, which the Republican party offers the people of the nation.

First, the certainty that every honest man will be given the opportunity to make an honest living.

And second, the certainty that dishonest men, however rich and powerful they may be, will be searched out and punished for their misdeeds.

As to number one, there can be no manner of doubt. The Republican party has been the party of progress and prosperity for half a century. Under its protective tariff and kindred policies the deserts have been made to blossom and the waste places to bear fruit of man's enterprise. Railroads have reached into forsaken lands, cities have grown out of the wildernesses, manufacturing, in common with every branch of commerce, has flourished, the workingman has earned the highest wages of the world, the farmer has marketed his crops at greater profit than anywhere else on earth. Changing conditions have been met with energy and wisdom. New policies have displaced those outworn and outgrown in the country's steady progress. New evils have been grappled with and cured. Never in its history has the party failed the nation—never has it been found wanting in wisdom or patriotism or the statesmanship that makes the most of America for Americans.

The country has experimented with the Democratic party. It gave it full power, in 1892, in every department of the government. And the bread lines and bread riots, the silent mills and smokeless chimneys of the four years of black disaster that followed still tell the story of Democratic inefficiency and inaptitude. The country has just passed through the most remarkable panic of its history—a panic of over-prosperity. A decade of good times had led to a furious period of over-capitalization, over-prduction, over-reaching, and the end of it came with a crash that rocked the financial world. But it was only a money panic. The nation was in wise and steady hands.

There were no fundamental evils of legislation or government. The basic business of America, agriculture, was undisturbed. Except in isolated places the farmer did not feel the panic. There was nothing wrong but the money-madness of Wall street and other great financial centers. And today business is rapidly gaining its normal footing. Mills and factories and mines are turning busy everywhere. With the election of Judge Taft and the complete restoration of confidence the country will continue in its pathway of splendid and unequaled prosperity.

Against that promise, that certainty, there stands the proposal of the Democratic party to make of the nation a clinic—to subject the interests of the capitalist, the workingman and the farmer to a series of weird experiments. The party of Bryan, having had the leisure within the last twelve years to see visions and dream dreams, comes a-begging of the American people, asking them to take off the lid of the Democratic Pandora's box of governmental theories and turn them loose on the workshop chimneys and cornfields. It talks of the tariff and guaranteed deposits, does the Democratic party, just as it talked of the universal remedy of anti-imperialism in 1900 and the heaven-born ratio of 16 to 1 in 1896. It is just as certain that it can save the country now as it was in 1900 and 1896. And it is just as certain to wreck the country now as it was in those days, if by any evil chance it should triumph at the polls. The country is in no mood for experiments. Its financial nerves, its commercial system, are not in condition for the jar that Democratic victory would bring. Disaster would just as surely follow Bryan's triumph in November as it followed Cleveland's election in 1892.

There aren't any two ways about that. That is a certainty. And the man who would vote for busy mills and good markets—for prosperity—must vote for William Howard Taft. And will.

So far as the other promise of the Taft campaign goes, there is no shadow of doubt that it will be fulfilled. In the last four years of Republican administration more progress has been made towards national righteousness, more victories have been won for the cause of American decency, than have ever even been promised in all the Democratic stump speeches and campaign slogans ever sounded. Theodore Roosevelt has turned the heavy hand of an aroused people against evildoers, high and low. He has brought into the fierce white light of public knowledge and denunciation iniquity in whatever places he has found it. He has inaugurated a campaign against corruption that will make for good for all the years to come. And William Howard Taft stands pledged and ready to continue those policies. He has fought, a brilliant field marshal, in the splendid Rooseveltian battle for better things. He has been enlisted, heart and soul, in the struggle for national uplift. He has sat in the Roosevelt councils and led in the Roosevelt onslaughts. And he is fitted, better than any other man, to take up the great tasks which the President must leave so soon.

Is there any choice, then, for the American husband and father, the American patriot, in this campaign? Is there any question as to how YOU must cast your ballot if you would cast it for material prosperity and national righteousness? Is there any doubt as to what YOU are going to do on election day?

FIRST TO THE POLE.

There is a new way of reaching the north pole. The explorer goes into the waste places, announces his intention of making a dash with dogs and says goodbye to his boat which is about to start south for provisions. He has had time enough to reach the pole if all has gone well and he is on the right track.

Therefore, his friends at home, give forth the announcement that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who is the explorer, has undoubtedly reached the pole. This is a pronounced improvement on the usual methods of polar expeditions. It saves a lot of time and chilblains. It permits of the selection of a warm, comfortable watering place, well sheltered from the cold and from wandering tourists. A suitable period of waiting completes the plan. Then, if any rival explorer does reach the fartherest possible, the wind and credit will have been taken out of his sails long before. Dr. Cook's friends are surely friends, indeed.

THE NEW NIGHT-RIDERS.

The Kentucky night-riding movement has degenerated into what all the law abiding men of the south feared it would. Starting at first determined to win a fight against the tobacco trust, digging up fields and destroying warehouses, it displayed a fixed purpose. The men who took part in the raids have grown to enjoy them. The enthusiasm of the hunter has entered into the game. After terrorizing the tobacco growers, making the storing and marketing of the plant a hazardous undertaking, they cannot resist the temptation to enlarge their field of vigilance.

The night-riders are now no better than a group of cowardly night-cappers and murderers. They make excursions on any pretext, to punish an alleged wife beater, to string up a man who is suspected of giving secret evidence against the riders, to horsewhip one who has an enemy in the gang, sometimes to burn a house, from a brutal joy in seeing the occupants leap from the windows. A band of fifty last week murdered in cold blood a negro, his wife and three children.

The night-riding movement will not be brought to a halt by rewards for the criminals by the governor. Determination to retaliate on the riders is said to be developing in many parts of Kentucky. If bands of anti-riders are formed it is easy to see that civil war in Kentucky is inevitable, fierce, relentless, secret hostility, neighbor against neighbor, vendettas and feuds generations long, all brought about by men who thought themselves beyond one law.

RAILROAD WORKERS FOR TAFT.

The railroad men are for Taft. This is a statement which has come from a leader in the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, one of the most progressive of the labor unions. The reason for the advocacy of the party of the Republican candidate is well worked out. Stated tersely, it lies in the reactionary policies of Bryan.

The railroad men have been working many years to obtain legislation for the compensation of men injured in hazardous occupations. Their fight has been a hard one. They have gained a little one year, a bit more the next, gradually, painfully obtaining laws which have for their intentions the overthrow of the old doctrines of assumption of risk, negligence and fellow servant.

In the famous case brought by the administratrix of George W. Taylor against the St. Louis & Iron Mountain railroad damages were sought for the benefit of Taylor's widow and next of kin on account of his injury and death in the course of his employment as a brakeman. The right to recover was based on the failure of the company to equip two cars with draw bars required under the safety appliance law. Associate Justice Moody, in the United States supreme court, broke away from the ancient common law rulings and supported the congressional legislation, saying:

In the case before us the liability of the defendant does not grow out of the common law duty of master to servant. The congress, not satisfied with the common law duty and its resulting liability, has prescribed and defined the duty by statute. We have nothing to do but to ascertain and declare the meaning of a few simple words in which the duty is described. It is enacted that "no cars, either loaded or unloaded, shall be used in interstate traffic which do not comply with the standard." There is no escape from the meaning of these words. . . . The obvious purpose of the legislature was to supplant the qualified duty of the common law with an absolute duty deemed by it more just.

The opinion is that of Associate Justice Holmes, as well as of Moody. It is the principle of Taft and Roosevelt. Now, it is admitted that Judge Gray, of Delaware, and Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, stand in line for the first vacancies on the supreme bench in case Bryan is elected and there are three vacancies almost certain to occur within the next four years. It is known that Judge Parker believes in the common law as the Moslem has faith in the Koran. His decisions have always recognized it as infallible. He has never considered it antiquated or unfitted to the times. The railroad men, after an examination into the record of Judge Gray, have found him to have been equally firm in support of the common law tenets. In the United States senate he was what the union men declare "notoriously conservative" in the matter of labor legislation.

They believe that if Bryan wins their cause will be set back twenty years.

There are nearly 350,000 members of the unions engaged in train service. Their expression at the polls will go far to offset the influence of the mistaken trust of Samuel Gompers.

OUR VANTAGE.

Happy the land that knows no war more terrible than the carnage of a presidential campaign!

Turkey, stabbed and robbed by friend and patron, as it gets to its knees after long sickness, Germany and England reaching for each other's throats, Austria in the role of ruthless conquerer, Servia frantic for blood because its own blood comes under a hated neighbor's scepter, Bulgaria lifting a new crown to its brows, Persia a field of fire and agony and hate, Egypt and India crouching to spring upon their master, Japan and China welcoming the collision of arms, Brazil buying great warships and forcing its jealous rivals to buckle on their armor. And an American armada sails gayly through sunlit seas and its sailors trample upon roses strewn in the roadway. At home men talking, pleading, arguing.

Better the arbitrament of the ballot, the symbol of peace, a thousand times than the thundering guns and the stench of battle.

BREWERIES AND CORN.

A great many of the corn dealers are complaining and out of their protests has come what has proved a revelation to the general public. The plaint of the dealers is that the prohibition wave is injuring their business inasmuch as the brewers are not buying as much "corn grits" as they did formerly.

Now, it is the general supposition that hops enter into the manufacture of beer. And barley, too, is thought to play an important part. So they do, but very much in the way that the miser's apprentice had cheese with his bread. He was allowed to look at it while he munched his crust. About once a year a carload of hops comes to town. The sacks are piled upon wagons and paraded around and made much fuss over. But, ordinarily, which is about 300 days in the year, the brew is from the germinal parts of corn, called in the market "grits."

The temperance wave possibly may hurt the trade of those who depend on the brewers for their customers. But it has not had an appreciable effect on the price of the grain and is not at all likely to have any. Every car of corn that is raised has a market. There is a constant, a fixed demand for corn for feeding purposes, and the shutting down of all the breweries in the country would not cause the casting away of a bushel of it for lack of a buyer.

PROSPERITY STRAWS.

The signs of the reawakening prosperity multiply. Throughout the country comes news of the reopening of factories, of the starting of mills and furnaces, of increased orders placed by merchants, and, best of all, of the re-employment of labor.

The contract signed by the Ann Arbor railroad with the American Locomotive company is evidence that this company is counting on a large increase in business within the next twelvemonth. The engines, moreover, will be among the largest ever built, capable of hauling immense trains and making high speed. The road has given orders that all equipment be placed in good running order, which assures a winter of work for the shops. Advantage has been taken of the dull season to purchase rails, and in the last few months more than fifty miles of track has been relaid with heavy steel which will permit the easy carriage of the new rolling stock.

The last bulletin as to car surplus reports a decrease of 39,795 in the number of idle cars in the United States and Canada, leaving a total surplus of something more than 133,000. This is in decided contrast to the figures given out on May 1 when it was announced that 413,605 cars were lying unused on the sidings and in the yards.

Considering that the great western crops have no more than begun to move and that confidence is still hesitating somewhat until the result of the election is known, the car report is exceedingly encouraging. A brisk movement of freight would put all of the 133,000 cars in commission by the first of December. This will cause the placing of orders for more equipment, the opening up of more shops and factories, the demand for more raw material and a call for a large number of workers.

The panic is now a year old. It has, possibly, been the worst which the country has had, when considered in terms of dollars. But it has been also the shortest lived of any panic. It has been borne most philosophically and even cheerfully. The year 1909 bids fair to start upon a level of normal business with an outlook toward a period of activity far in excess of any which has ever been experienced.

AT YOKOHAMA.

The American fleet ceases now to be a squadron of warships and for the time being is merely the transport of diplomatists. It is a crucial test for men trained to be warriors. It calls for the suppression of all military ardor, of all prejudice, of all racial instincts.

Yokohama has prepared the greatest reception which has so far been accorded the fleet upon its epoch-making voyage. The finest and smartest of the vessels in the Mikado's navy have been furbished and scrubbed and made to shine in order to impress the Americans—and this means those at home, also—with Japan's sincerest friendliness. The escort is that which is most pleasing to the naval man, many ships, many flags, innumerable guns and heavy. Ashore banquets to the point of foundering have been arranged, both for the officers and men. There will be much of sight-seeing and rushing about, fixed expressions of good will and speeches resounding with the desire to maintain a liking established more than a half century ago.

Yet there is the gravest danger of something untoward happening which might bring the two nations to the precipice they stood upon at the time of the California differences. Some jingo statesman, anxious to gain favor with the populace, might incite a riot or an attack upon our seamen. A fanatic has it within his power to bring about a clash between parties from the two fleets. A rash speaker, a boastful officer, an accident in the bay, or one of those senseless, perilous rumors, born of the winds, could end in swift parting and the opening of a breach which might not be closed in a decade.

Washington and Tokio will be on tenterhooks until the American warships have steamed away. It will be a relief to both countries when the journey is continued. Doubtless there has been much coaching among the sailors, but this cannot insure against the careless or reckless. If all goes well, if the program is carried through happily, the visit to Nippon will serve admirably in staving off the trouble which the Richmond Pearson Hobsons of both sides of the Pacific have taken such joy in fomenting.

The fate of peace is in the hands of our sailor envoys. Our faith is in their tactfulness.

SCHOOL VACATIONS.

In Hennepin county, Minnesota, they are demanding that the public schools be kept open all the year. Pictures are exhibited of $4,000,000 worth of Minneapolis buildings "locked up for three months every year." To end this a continuous school session is urged, with perhaps several vacations throughout the year.

How practical this new idea is! Not a bit of sentiment in it. It is said the long summer vacation is a rural invention. If that is true, then God bless the memory of the ruralist who invented it. Is there a man—another name for a grown-up boy—who does not recall his school vacations with pleasure? There were nine or ten months of study and contemplation, followed by two or three months of play and realization. Memory is sweet and fascinating. It takes us back to that last day of school; to budding springtime; to that bright summer land of long ago, "where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows;" to the prints of bare feet in the dust of the road, which turned off and were lost in the fragrant meadow, but reappeared in the wet sands along the river's edge, close to the big elm whose branches swung out and hung like a benediction over the old swimmin' hole.

And the fishing was good in those vacation days of long ago; the violets and daisies were sweet; the birds sang gaily; the squirrels frisked merrily; the world was big and beautiful, and nature was a song. Those boys went back to school at the end of the vacation with stone-bruises on their heels, with stubbed toes and brown legs; but they were stout and hearty. Their minds were bright, and they were ready and resourceful.

Is it a pity that $4,000,000 worth of Minneapolis school buildings are locked up for three months every year? Would it not be a greater pity to pen up 50,000 school children for practically twelve months of every year, thus shutting out the beautiful world and confining 50,000 growing lives within the four dull walls of a school building?

Better go on with the old vacation time. Give the girls their season of dolls and doll houses, and let the boys go out into the life that is to come to them with the glory of the woods and fields in their hearts and the sweet memory of stubbed toes and stone-bruises in their minds.

INDIAN SUMMER.

In spite of the drouth, in spite of air long choked with dust and acrid smoke, we are not losing the splendor of autumn. The rains which came at last washed away the grime and the gray, ugly mantles from tree and bush and left us these deep vats of wine to breathe, the spirits distilled by the goddess of Indian summer.

The sun and the south wind by day have given us hours of stimulating brightness. By night the frost has been busy painting the trees in burnished reds and browns. In the cooling hours, as the day fades and the darkness comes on, we have been blessed with our own peculiar Ohio heritages, the deep, illimitable skies, the blue and faintly purple distances, the mystic blendings of earth and cloud, the strange poetic colorings of leaf and fence, field and path. This is the climax of our incomparable climate. While New England begins to shiver and hunt the shelter of the towns and the warmth of the fire, while the west and the south are waiting the sudden leap from summer to winter, nature is tempting us to long walks in the forests, to sails upon dreamy waters and drives over roadways, hard and smooth and dustless. It is a magic season, one to be depended upon as our yearly favor, but coming to the greater part of the rest of the country seldom more than once or twice in a decade.

There is little shock of change after our Indian summer once sets in. Each day there is a little more brilliance to the maples and the oaks. The blackberry bushes are a shade more lively, the haze about the horizon more glowing and the sweet air cooler and richer. The shocks of corn in the valley grow more yellow and their drying leaves sing more sharply. There are tracks of the wood folk among the strewn furrows. Squirrels are foraging supplies for the snow-bound months, and blackbirds, quarreling and chattering, are delaying their final flight southward.

Gradually the year dies, passing as a reluctant, beautiful soul. Happy our lot to be given the Indian summer after the dull, forbidding weeks of the drouth, after threat of swift, congealing winter.

TWO CAMPAIGNS.

It was an early suggestion of a man not at all unfriendly to the Democratic candidate for the presidency that Mr. Bryan would have a very good chance of winning if he be sent to the bottom of the Pacific in a diving bell so that not even a bubble could come to the surface throughout the campaign.

The contest has demonstrated two things. One is that the more the Bryan bubbles foam about the surface the farther away the Nebraskan fades in the prospect from Washington. The other is Mr. Taft has confirmed a general impression that he is a powerful and virile man, one of rare poise and good sense.

The speeches of Mr. Taft have shown the inner Taft, the trained and forceful man, as familiar with our present problems as he is with the very best thought which has been directed to their solution. There has been no snap judgment, no seizing of local and popular errors to gain favor to his cause, no squirming and dodging as to his record. The country, too, has enjoyed that very human resentment which arose when his opponent declared that an expression of frankness would be appreciated from him. The dispatches brought Mr. Bryan the news of that expression and, so far, he has made no complaint as to the frankness thereof.

Any doubt as to the superior qualifications of Mr. Taft for the office of President must have been dispelled by this time. The following of Mr. Bryan has defined itself as that of personal regard and party loyalty. It has little sincere belief in the remedial measures advocated by its candidate, but is trusting to luck that, if Mr. Bryan wins, everything will come out all right.

As against this feeling there is the faith of a large percentage of the voters of the country that Mr. Taft represents the better and saner policies, a lack of all doubt as to his sincerity or his strength and firmness of mind and purpose and an admission by the enemy that his life as an office-holder has been uniformly that of a capable and honest man. The progress of the campaign indicates that the country is not inclined to rebuff a servant of acknowledged worth in order to experiment with the measures of one who has altered his views with every altering set of the wind of public opinion, whose friends are compelled to give their time to apologizing for him rather than to singing his praises.

CHANCES IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Taft's tour of the south is not wasted effort, in spite of the facetious attitude of the Democratic campaigners toward the journey. The Solid South is not so solid, by any means, as Mr. Bryan would wish it to be. There are three states in which the Republicans have something better than a show—Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri.

The state of Kentucky cast its electoral vote for McKinley in 1896. Bryan carried it in 1900 and it was given to Parker in 1904. But the state is still so far Republican that it has elected a Republican governor by a plurality of more than 18,000, and it has sent a Republican to the United States senate.

In 1896 Maryland went for McKinley with 23,232 to spare, and gave him a plurality of 13,491 four years later. In the election of 1904 the popular vote for Roosevelt was in excess of that for Parker, though the Republicans gained only one out of eight of the electoral votes.

Missouri gave its support to Roosevelt in 1904 by a plurality of more than 25,000, though electing Folk governor. The conditions in Missouri are ripe for Republican victory, though Bryan is still popular in that state. The Republican candidate for governor is Herbert Hadley, who, as attorney general, broke up the monopoly of the Standard Oil company in the commonwealth and has been identified with the progressive movement. Folk and "Gum Shoe Bill" Stone are fighting for the United States senatorship, and are said to be splitting the Democratic vote as a result.

The south is not ground sacred to the Democratic party.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

A smiling young lady of Niger
Went out for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound practical advice that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life."

On receipt of the stamps, he sent his numerous victims the following:

"Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."

A young Scotch farmer, who could not read, came into a small country city directly after an "anti-spitting" ordinance had come into effect, and, as fate would have it, was walking directly toward the single policeman which the place boasted when the period of release for a copious amount of tobacco juice became due. The profuse squirt lighted with a splash directly in the middle of the sidewalk, and the Scot was subsequently taken in charge by the copper and hustled before the police magistrate.

When told the nature of his offense he warmly protested ignorance of the law, but was informed that this did not shield him. At the magistrate's advice he pleaded guilty and was fined $5 and costs. This totaled $7.50.

With painful dignity the young kiltie drew forth a wallet and extracted therefrom a $10 bill, which he placed upon the desk and turned to leave the place.

"Wait a moment, my friend," called the officer. "Here is your change."

"Nae, mon. I winna tak' it," coolly replied the Scotchman. "I mae wiss to blaw my nase before I lea'e toun."

A New England man, lately returned from a year in South Carolina, tells of a little darky whom he saw the week after his arrival, and from whom he derived great amusement during his stay in the south.

The man was lying in his hammock on the hotel piazza one day, and opened his eyes after a drowsy period to find a small, coal-black boy regarding him solemnly.

"Who are you?" asked the invalid idly; but there was no reply save a broad smile.

"Where were you raised?" inquired the invalid next, with a vague idea that he had heard that was the usual opening question.

There was another broad smile, but out of the midst of it gurgled the reply:

"I ain't done raised yet, sah."

'S-s-s-sus-say, ma," stammered Bobby through the suds as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him, says Harper's Weekly, "I guess you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"

"Why, no, Bobby, dear," replied his mother. "What ever put such an idea as that into your mind?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Bobby. "Only it seems to me you're tryin' to rub me out."

Little Helen asked who it was that made the wind, and she was told, God. One day, after a severe wind storm, she came running into the house exclaiming: "Oh, mother! Dod blew the barber's sign down!"

When a certain member of President Roosevelt's cabinet took up his portfolio he was much impressed by the business-like rapidity with which his colored messenger fed him with a great number of papers and letters to sign.

One day the secretary was going through the process like a well-oiled machine, the messenger shuffling the documents toward him one by one and carefully arranging them on their return trip.

All at once the secretary's attention was attracted by a few words in a letter. They held his attention for some time. He began to harbor some doubt. "What's all this about, anyway?" the secretary murmured to himself.

Whereupon the messenger indicated with his finger a certain blank space in the paper. "I don't know what the nature of the paper is, sir," he said, in a decisive tone that brooked no contradiction, "but you puts your name right there, sir."

A certain regiment was on the march from New York to Gettysburg and the companies were ordered to move with a few minutes between each and to keep each other in sight, the band and drums leading.

The band soon got a long way ahead, and on reaching a bend, halted for a few minutes' rest. Presently up galloped a mounted officer in hot haste and shouted for the band sergeant.

"What do you man," he said, "by getting out of sight of the leading company?"

"We were not out of sight, sir," answered the sergeant.

"What do you mean by telling me that?" exclaimed the officer in a rage. "You were out of sight. I saw you myself."

The busy man stopped before an office building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped:

"Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?"

"No, you can't!" snapped the busy man.

"Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin.

"I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away."

"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!"

"No?"

"No. I thought he might fall down."

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened 10-year-old Billie and his 5-year-old brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes.

"Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him say. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."

Varieties

Of those who die only about 11 per cent. are insured.

The greatest altitude in Pennsylvania is Blue Knob, being 3,136 feet above the sea.

The machine exports to Japan have increased in quantity five times in one year.

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in 30 hours.

There are only seven establishments in this country with the facilities for casting bronze statuary.

A single manufacturing company produced and sold over 75,000 electric flatirons last year.

The horn of a rhinoceros is joined to the bone of the head, and grows on the skin like a wart.

Plan is proposed in London to pacify the Turk for loss of his provinces by means of a guaranteed loan.

St. Paul railroad plans war for traffic to Orient, expecting United States commission to sanction low export rates.

Indiana farmer tracks man who ruined his home, finds him in want, foregoes vengeance, and gives him wife and money.

Charles II. is said to have first encouraged the public appearance of women on the stage in England in 1661.

It has been estimated that the eyelids of the average man open and close no fewer than 4,000,000 times each year.

When the body of a starving animal, including man, loses two-fifths of its substance, the inevitable result is death.

A man can hire a horse in Japan, keep two servants and live on the fat of the land, all for a little over $10 a month.

A company is being formed at Bellefonte, Pa., to manufacture brick, the chief ingredient of which will be furnace slag.

California's output of gold in 1907 fell off $2,004,524, as compared with 1906, while she produced $66,182 worth of silver less.

Tea is a germicide, according to a Boston physician, who claims it is an especially rank enemy of the typhoid bacillus.

Electric railways of the United States have attained a trackage of over 40,000 miles, nearly one-fifth that of the steam lines.

Chicago wins the fourth world's championship game from Detroit by the score of 3 to 0, making the third victory for the team.

A Norwegian factory receives power for six turbines from water that falls 3,287 feet through a tunnel from a lake seven miles away.

An air gun of large size, working on the principle of the pneumatic hammer, has been devised for killing animals in a humane manner.

Inside of twelve years New York promises to be the largest city on the earth. It is now growing more than six times as fast as London.

The business of a well-known firm of New York opticians consists largely of the manufacture of spectacles for horses to make them step higher.

Following a practical demonstration of its value in that field, the government will use concrete buildings in which to store explosives in the canal zone.

There are so few flies in England that there is a regular business in importing dried ones from South America for food for poultry and captive birds and fish.

A clay tablet has been found in Crete which seems to prove conclusively that the art of printing from movable types was known in a crude way 4,000 years ago.

Pennsylvania leads in the slate industry, with Vermont, Maine, Virginia, Maryland, New York, California, Arkansas and New Jersey following in the order named.

Paradoxical as it may seem, farmers' wives of Berks county, Pennsylvania, keep sweet corn perfectly fresh all winter by salting it down in stone crocks or cedar tubs.

Great Tom is the name of the bell weighing about 17,000 pounds, in the tower of the Tom gate of Christ church, Oxford. It is tolled every night at ten minutes past 9, closing time.

The English channel at its east end, twenty-one miles broad, and at its west extremity it is from 100 to 140 miles wide. The greatest breadth is between Sidmouth and St. Malo, 150 miles.

Howard Gould pleads that he was pinched in the panic, at trial of wife's suit for $125,000 a year alimony, and also asserts that woman's vulgarity, profanity and drunkenness forced him to leave her.

Edna Wallace Hopper testifies in New York that the $7,500 auto and $25,000 insurance policy which A. O. Brown, the broker, gave her were in consideration of her promise to become his wife.

William Allen White, writing in Collier's, says Bryan has not changed, but is serving up the same old Populist policies; that he is politically untrustworthy and not of the temperament required for an administrator.

Next to mining the greatest industry of South Africa is sugar growing. The amount of money invested in this is $7,500,000. The production of the present year is estimated at 40,000 tons, with a valuation of about $63 a ton.

To overcome the objection on the part of some women to high-heeled shoes, because of their danger to weak ankles, Virginia woman has devised a T-shaped piece of metal, to be inserted in the heel of a shoe and extending on either side of the foot to support it.

The output of American pig iron in 1907 exceeded the output of the entire world in 1883. There was a heavy falling off in production in this country during the present year and it is estimated that the decrease from last year's output will exceed 40 per cent. The figures for 1907 were 25,307,191 tons. The estimated decrease for this year brings the figures back to about those of 1901.

The Labor party started in 1888 with 146,836 votes for a presidential ticket and then degenerated into the Socialist Labor party, with 21,522 in 1892, 36,372 in 1896, 33,375 in 1900 and 33,622 in 1904. There is little sign of life in it now, but the Socialists have sprung up to absorb or displace it. The latter started in 1900 as the Democratic party, with Debs as its candidate, and polled 92,142 votes, which increased with the same candidate as plain "Socialist" to 402,150 in 1904.

It is said that Lord Rosebery possesses the costliest collection of snuff boxes in the world. Many of them are solid gold and some are set with brilliants. A certain only enamel snuff box was at one time the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, a small black box studded with three diamonds belonging to the eminent statesman Pitt; while another, plainly inlaid with fine gold, was used by Fox. Though the collection only comprises twenty-boxes, altogether, its estimated value is $175,000.

With 46 nations as members, a permanent home in Rome, and an annual endowment of above $60,000, the International Institute of Agriculture is about to embark on its practical career. In November delegates from all these nations will meet at the first session of the general assembly of the institute, and a plan of work will be agreed upon. Its first great effort will be to collect statistics of the world's crops of agricultural staples with the object of studying the world's markets by means of trustworthy information.

Down in West Virginia it appears to be expensive to sell a man more whisky than he can carry internally, and then turn him adrift. The case of Dinah J. Pennington, suing for her children, against C. D. Gillespie, a saloonkeeper near Hendricks, W. Va., was decided recently by the jury awarding the plaintiff $600. At previous term of court Mrs. Pennington sued and obtained a verdict for $800 for the loss of her husband. Pennington was killed near the saloon, and Gillespie was sued as the man who sold the whisky by which Pennington became intoxicated.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenberg (Bavaria) in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality the sum of $60. This sum if invested regularly at say 2 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about $7,300 at the age of 60—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.

A whole mountain located near Palisade, in Nevada, has been set in motion by blasting on the line of the Western Pacific railroad. Every available section man in the employ of the Southern Pacific company has been set to work trying to save the new tunnel recently completed at a cost of $150,000. It is believed that the company will be compelled to abandon the tunnel and make another route around the hill. Only a few hundred feet south the Western Pacific recently completed a similar tunnel. The heavy blasting done in boring this tunnel apparently has shattered the whole mountain and it is moving

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2610—Ladies' "Gibson" Shirt Waist. This model is particularly suitable for messaline, satin or chiffon, and a pretty style of to wear one of the large lace collars, which may be bought ready-made, as seen in the illustration. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2618—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. This model is particularly adaptable for the waists made of net, which are becoming more and more fashionable with the advance of the season. They are usually developed in the same color as the skirt or suit with which they are to be worn and are very simple and stylish. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2491—Ladies' Five-Gored Maternity Skirt. The skirt pattern may be developed in any material. For autumn these skirts are usually made of flannel or voile, while for early winter wear Venetian cloth, serge or broadcloth are utilized as appropriate materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2604—Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt. With an inset sheath panel in the same or a contrasting material. It develops well in any of the new materials, but is particularly suited to broadcloth or velvet. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2581—Girl's and Child's Dress. A pretty little frock for the small girl. It is an admirable kindergarten frock, and will please by its smartness if developed in fawn colored mohair, with feather-stitching of bright red silk. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2603—Child's Coat. Crimson broadcloth has been used in the development of this jaunty little all-over coat for the small girl. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2282—Misses' Shirt Waist or Slip. A pretty pattern for an all over lace or net waist is here portrayed. The full puff sleeves may be furnished with narrow cuff. If made of lace or net the pattern should first be cut out of thin silk, and the lace or net draped over this. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2501—Infants' Dress. Sheer batiste fine nainsook, Persian lawn or thin cambric is used for these dainty little dresses for the baby. The yoke and narrow wristbands may be made of fine lace insertion, fagoted together or they may be of the material and daintily hand embroidered. One size.

2162—Ladies' Dressing Sack. This unique little dressing sack is made from four hand embroidered Japanese handkerchiefs and will make a most acceptable and useful Christmas present. One size.

1967—Men's and Boys' Bath or Lounging Robe. Bath towelling elderdown cloth or German blankets are mostly used for these robes. 8 sizes—24 to 44.

2584—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with yoke and long or three-quarter sleeves and a removable chemisette. The model here illustrated was developed in white liberty satin, the front being trimmed with hand embroidery. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2069—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. A good model for any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2512—Ladies' Four-Gored Circular Skirt, closing with buttons down the front and having an inverted box-plait at center-back. Serge, broadcloth, cheviot or tweed are all adaptable to this charming model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1470—Misses' Three-Piece Skirt to be tucked or shirred at top. This is a very good model for serge or flannel. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2585—Boys' Overcoat. The model here illustrated was developed in dark blue frieze cloth, with a double row of brass buttons down each side of the front. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2597—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing at center-back. Dark brown serge was used for the development of this charming little frock. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2418—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with three-quarter length sleeves and a removable chemisette. This is a very pretty model for one or a combination of two materials worn with a chemisette of all over lace. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2047—Girl's and Child's One-Piece Apron. Figured percale or oil cloth are used to a great extent for this little apron. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2220—Men's and Boy's Nightshirt, with back yoke. Nainsook, jaconet, flannel or flannelette are all used for garments of this style. 8 sizes—24 to 44 breast.

1562—Misses' Box-Plaited Shirtwaist, closing at back. An excellent model for heavy linen, Madras or thin serge. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2387—Ladies' House Dress, consisting of a waist, with high or Dutch neck and long or elbow sleeves and an attached seven-gored skirt. Challis, cashmere or thin serge are excellent materials for this pretty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2601—Misses' Coat in Directoire Style and three-quarter length. A good model for any of the new coatings, and may be developed for every-day or best wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2311—Ladies' Work Apron. This attractive little all-over apron is made up in figured dimity in light blue and white. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2388—Misses' Shirt Waist Suit. Nothing is more serviceable for the every day attire of the young girl than one of these jaunty little suits developed in serge, Panama cloth, mohair novelty mixture or in cheviot. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

SKIN TROUBLES CURED

First Had Itching Rash—Threatened Later With Blood-Poison in Leg.

RELIED ON CUTICURA REMEDIES

"About twelve or fifteen years ago I had a breaking out, and it itched, and stung so badly that I could not have any peace because of it. Three doctors did not help me. Then I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, and began to get better right away. They cured me and I have not been bothered with the itching since, to amount to anything. About two years ago I had la grippe and pneumonia which left me with a pain in my side. Treatment ran it into my leg, which then swelled and began to break out. The doctor was afraid it would turn to blood-poison. I used his medicine but it did no good, then I used the Cuticura Remedies three times and cured the breaking out on my leg. J. F. Hennen, Milan, Mo., May 13, 1907."

TAFT TRAVELS IN DIXIE

Greeted by Crowd of Democrats and Republicans on Arrival at Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 16.—Judge Taft and party arrived here this morning after an all-night run from Louisville. The candidate's first argument to southern Democrats, together with his reasons for giving the south its first glimpse of a Republican presidential candidate, was delivered here this morning to an audience which packed the Auditorium—the largest hall in the city.

Judge Taft was met at the station by a large reception committee, composed, it was said, of as many Democrats as Republicans. Mr. Taft will spend the entire day in the state. He is scheduled to speak at Knoxville, Johnson City and Bristol, but applications for many more speeches have been made and it is likely the schedule will be extended.

His reception here was characteristic of the extreme cordiality of which the south is noted. He was greeted with Dixie by a band before he left his car, and the same tune was played while he was being ushered into the auditorium.

Negroes Laud Foraker.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 16.—The Eastern and Interstate Negro Press convention, being held in the John Wesley A. M. E. Zion church this week, has brought to this city over 100 of the leading negro editors and writers of the eastern, middle and southern states. In a declaration of principles and a set of resolutions adopted, Senator Foraker and Governor Deneen, of Illinois, are lauded, while the administration of President Roosevelt and the attitude of Candidate William H. Taft are censured.

Sherman in Home State.

Jamestown, N. Y., Oct. 16.—A thirty mile automobile trip was before James S. Sherman, Republican vice presidential nominee, when he left here early today for Salamanca, where he is scheduled to speak this afternoon. The way was through the hills of Chautauqua and Cattaraugus. Following the meeting at Salamanca the candidate will go by trolley to Olean, where a night meeting has been arranged.

PREMIER LAURIER TO QUIT

Says Present Campaign Will Be His Last.

Montreal, Oct. 17.—In a speech delivered last night, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's premier, announced that the present campaign, which ends in a general election October 26, will be his last.

"This is the last fight in which I shall be engaged," he said with great earnestness. "The years have already left their mark upon me and I cannot hope that they will stand still now. All I ask is your support to enable me to complete the work I have begun in the last twelve years."

Sir Wilfred predicted that his government will be sustained by a majority of from thirty to forty. At present it has sixty-six.

INDUSTRIES PICKING UP

Manufacturing to Be on Normal Basis in 1909.

New York, Oct. 19.—The National Association of Manufacturers announced yesterday that every branch of industry is showing marked increases of business and that during the past three months trade conditions have taken on new activity. In an exhaustive canvass among the 3,000 members of the association, the returns bear out the prediction that practically every manufacturing business will be upon a normal basis of production during 1909.

American Industries, the official organ of the National Association of Manufacturers, prints in the current issue hundreds of letters from leading manufacturers of the United States, which are the results of a canvass among the numerous manufacturing trades.

This resume, covering the entire country, shows that present conditions of trade in the majority of industries, are fair and that the possibilities of an increase during the coming year are good.

The industries scheduled are iron and steel, machinery, tools and hardware, agricultural implements, textiles, paper and printing, leather and its manufactures, lumber and its manufactures, vehicles food products and cement and clay products.

BENEFACTOR OF LABOR

Taft's Decisions Form Legal Basis of Labor Organizations.

East Liverpool, O., Oct. 14.—In the midst of the steel and iron district of Cleveland, William H. Taft yesterday commanded the closest attention of an immense audience proverbially regarded as the hardest place in the state of Ohio for a political speaker to obtain a respectful hearing.

When Mr. Taft appeared he was warmly welcomed. He began at once to talk with that earnestness which caused implicit attention. He showed from his viewpoint why it was that the American workman needed the protection of the tariff and what had been the result when he had not had that protection. Mr. Taft followed this with a detailed account of his own personal experience with the labor world. He explained that the decisions he had rendered while on the bench, and for which he was now condemned by Bryan and Gompers, were in reality the legal basis of labor organizations of the present day and upon what basis they had grown and prospered until today they were stronger than ever.

This meeting Mr. Taft considers the best and most effective he has had on his present trip because of the character of the audience, its known Democratic and socialistic tendencies and the success he had in riveting attention.

While fourteen audiences were addressed by the candidate his big meetings were at Wadsworth, Elyria, Lorain, Cleveland and East Liverpool.

Shows His Fairness.

At Lorain, a cheer for Debs, when the candidate mentioned his name in connection with the labor cases he had handled while on the bench inspired Mr. Taft to pay his compliments to Debs as a presidential candidate.

"Mr. Debs is a Socialist," he said, when the applause died out. "Mr. Debs is logical. He is opposed to the institutions of this country as they have been established by the constitution. He has a right to be, if he chooses, provided he accomplishes his methods by legal and non-violent ways. Therefore I am not going to criticise Mr. Debs."

In Cleveland, after Mr. Taft had reviewed his labor record at length with an illustration of what he had to do with helping to build up labor organizations in the Philippines and his administration in connection with the Panama canal, where he had much to do with the unions, he smilingly recalled the fact that he had since been made a member of the union.

"I don't want to submit letters of recommendation for the presidency, but this discussion seems to involve some issue as to whether I am a deep tyrant, deep at heart an oppressor of labor and otherwise, and I have got to submit evidence that I do not eat a laborer every morning for breakfast, that I am not engaged in fighting that which is the backbone and sinew of the nation, the laboring classes.

Not Opposed to Unions.

"I am democratic in spirit. I sympathize with the men that by manual labor are building up this country and to say that I am opposed to their organizations and trades unionism is to say what is utterly false, for I have studied the question, I have had to study it as a judge. I have had to study it as an executive officer discharging duties affecting labor and labor organizations, and I am strongly in favor of them.

"I believe they have done a great service to labor in elevating its wages, in enabling them to meet capital on a level, secure justice for them, in enabling them to apply to congress and state legislatures and secure legislation in their behalf, and I think it would be a sorry day for this country if labor organizations were not encouraged, but while I am in favor of combinations of labor as I am in favor of combinations of capital which secure economy in productions, reduces the cost of production for the benefit of the public and ought to be encouraged, the permission to combine labor and the permission to combine capital puts most powerful instruments in the hands of a few men and with that immense power they have a corresponding responsibility and therefore they must be most careful to see that that power is not exercised across the lines of lawfulness.

"They must be most careful to see that they do not violate the criminal laws of the country and that they do not violate the rights of an individual no matter how humble, and therefore while they are powerful the courts that are made to preserve the rights of the individual, to preserve the rights of those that the powerful may not infringe, these courts must have the power or our whole civilization is doomed."

A tri-state rally is what the Taft special train ran into here tonight. Republicans and marching clubs from Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio towns thronged the city, filled the largest theatre and compelled an open air overflow meeting.

JAPS SIGHT THE FLEET

Ships to Make Entry at Yokohama Saturday.

Tokio, Oct. 15.—The American battleship fleet under the command of Admiral Sperry, which left Manila for Yokohama October 10, has been sighted manuevering to the southeast of Kiushiu, the southernmost of the three principal islands off the coast of Japan.

All the Japanese newspapers of prominence are printing editions in English with lengthy editorials, assuring the American officers and sailors of a hearty welcome by the nation.

Every available vessel in the harbor of Yokohama has been chartered to convey excursionists to meet the warships. A large fleet will venture far out at sea to extend the first welcome.

The fleet will make its official entry into Yokohama harbor Saturday morning. Messages of greeting have been sent out by wireless telegraphy.

The gun boat Yankton is expected to come into Yokohama harbor at 10, Friday morning. A reception committee will leave Tokio early Friday for Yokohama to meet and greet the Yankton.

TAFT WINS STRAW VOTE

Unbiased Polls by Newspapers Show Republican Candidate Has Good Lead.

Unbiased polls made by various newspapers and magazines indicate that William H. Taft, Republican candidate for president, has a good lead over William J. Bryan, his opponent on the Democratic ticket. This result is shown in a general straw vote taken by the New York Herald, the New York World and the Success Magazine and in Wisconsin and Iowa by the Chicago Record-Herald.

Only a landslide, or rather an avalanche, can sweep Bryan into the presidential chair, says the New York Herald. There are 483 votes in the electoral college, making 242 necessary for choice.

Taft Nearer the Top.

The New York Herald says:

"On the surface Mr. Taft is creeping nearer and nearer the goal of 242 electoral votes. According to the Herald's calculation, based on straw votes, polls, reports, opinions, wagers and general evidences on which a newspaper must depend, outside of political committees that are always biased, Taft is sure today of 204 electoral votes, Bryan is sure of 161. A week ago Taft seemed sure of 188 and Bryan 166. Thus Mr. Taft in probability has made a gain in one week of 16 electors, while Mr. Bryan has retrograded five electors.

"States that the Herald feels justified in classing as doubtful with Republican leanings have 68 electors, while states that are doubtful with apparent Democratic leanings have 39 electors. States that are regarded by

CLAIMS OF OHIO CHAIRMEN.

By Henry G. Williams, chairman of the Republican state committee: "Taft will carry Ohio by 50,000, and Harris, for governor, by 75,000."

By Chairman Finley, of the Democratic state committee: Bryan will carry Ohio by 50,000, and Harmon will be elected governor. I expect a landslide for Bryan."

the Herald as doubtful and in the balance number but two, and have 11 electors. Both of these, singularly enough, are in the east. One of them, Delaware, was last week classified as Republican, while the other, Maryland, was last week classified as Democratic.

"Mr. Taft to win must get 38 doubtful electoral votes. Mr. Bryan to win must get 81 electoral votes."

Says Republican in Lead.

The New York World's forecast fails to pick the winner, but shows that Taft now has 205 electorial votes to Bryan's 178. The Republicans and Democrats have the electoral vote in twenty states each, and six states, among them Ohio, are placed in the doubtful column.

"The leaders of both old parties are too confident," says the World, "and a large silent vote may bring victory to either Taft or Bryan. Labor, religion and unemployed men are factors that must be reckoned with in the closing days of the campaign."

The straw vote of the Chicago Record-Herald in the state of Wisconsin indicates a plurality for Taft and Sherman of more than 87,000. Analysis of the returns from all over the state, taken in the same manner and under similar conditions as in Iowa, leads to the forecast that, with the straw vote as a criterion, Wisconsin's election results will appear not far from the regular Republican plurality from the Badger state.

Plurality of 87,000.

Upon the basis of changes as indicated in the count of 3,214 straw ballots in Wisconsin, the Taft plurality over Bryan in that state is indicated as greater than 87,000.

Success Magazine believes that Bryan will receive 298 electoral votes.

LARGE REPUBLICAN VOTE

Indicated by Heavy Registration in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—A total registration of 410,242 was listed by Chicago voters yesterday, being an increase of 5,006 over the city registration of four years ago. Republican leaders expressed satisfaction with the result and declared it indicative of a great Republican vote next month. At Democratic headquarters it was admitted that the registration had not fulfilled expectations in many Democratic wards, but the leaders asserted that the increase in sections regarded as Republican territory was due to the influx of Democratic voters.

There was a noticeable falling off of the registration in the heavily Democratic wards.

N. Y. SUFFRAGETTES SUE

Bring Action in the Courts as Test Case.

New York, Oct. 16.—The suffragette movement in its local development was taken into the courts yesterday, when Miss Mary Coleman, member of a law firm, secured a court order directing the bureau of elections to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not be issued compelling them to allow the name of Mrs. Julia Seton Sears to be placed on the register of voters. Mrs. Sears had been refused permission to register.

Miss Coleman, well known among New York suffragettes, said Mrs. Sears already had voted in Colorado and should be accorded the same privilege in New York. She added the present action was brought as a test case.

Convention in Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 16—The fortieth annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage association was called to order yesterday by the president, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw.

The letter of Mrs. Annie Cobden Sanderson, the English suffragist organizer, advising American suffragists to "introduce more of the fire of revolt, more denunciation and more insistent demand that the woman may have the power and the liberty to work for the world's moral regeneration," was given out.

"American suffragists do not countenance the methods in vogue in England." This opinion, voiced by one of the prominent delegates, reflects the general feeling among the suffragists here.

SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Beginning Is Made at Columbia University.

New York, Oct. 16.—Not the least significant of the developments in aeronautics is the announcement made yesterday that a course in the new science of navigating the air was a recent addition to the curriculum of Columbia University. That it may lead to a school of aerial navigation of the same character as the other professional and scientific schools at Columbia was said by several professors in the department of physics to be their earnest hope.

Prof. Hallock, dean of the faculty of pure science, said he was anxious to induce the trustees to land on Long Island where experiments could be made.

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SERVIANS BUSY IN U. S.

Call May Be Made for Volunteers to Enlist.

San Francisco, Oct. 19.—Servian residents of San Francisco and vicinity will tonight assemble in a mass meeting at Golden Gate hall to inaugurate a movement in support of the independence of Bosina and Herzegovina, the provinces recently annexed by Austria. Resolutions already endorsed by the Servian club denouncing Austria as a tyrannical oppressor, will be submitted for approval, and it is probable there will be a call for volunteers to enlist in case of a war in the Balkans.

Women in the Servian colony have taken an active part in the movement.

BAFFLED BY SMUGGLERS

Officials Unable to Keep Out the Chinese.

Seattle, Oct. 17.—What is believed by government officers to be a new band of men engaged in smuggling Chinese into the United States from British Columbia, is now operating on such an extensive scale that immigration officers are worried greatly. Yesterday Harry Edsall, immigration inspector in charge of the Sumas station, took seven Chinese for a hearing before U. S. Commissioner Armstrong.

"The cases are coming so fast that they are keeping this office on the jump," said United States District Attorney Todd. "It looks as if there was an organized and well disciplined gang of Chinese smugglers at work, such a gang as we believed had been broken up."

BRIDE TWICE KIDNAPED

Kept Prisoner in Woods for Several Days.

Huntington, L. I., Oct. 19.—Twice kidnaped from her home and kept a prisoner in the woods by two men for several days, Mrs. Abbie Meeriongola, of this place, is believed to have been crabed and wandered to her death in a swamp or to be roaming through the woods, while posses, of which her husband is a member, are searching for her.

Two men are suspected of kidnaping her and keeping her a prisoner are under arrest.

Mrs. Meeriongola is 17 years old, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer and the wife of a contractor to whom she was married six months ago.

COAL MAGNATE QUIZZED

Vice President of the Erie on the Stand.

New York, Oct. 17.—Inquiry into the relations between various coal mining companies of Pennsylvania and the railroads conveying the output to tidewater, formed the subject of yesterday's hearing in the suit of the government against the coal companies and the coal carrying roads, charging illegal combination in restraint of trade in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.

The examination of G. A. Richardson, vice president of the Erie railroad, is vice president of three coal mining companies, the Hillside Coal company, the Pennsylvania Coal company and the New York, Susquehanna & Western company, the properties of which are situated in the Scranton district.

Mr. Richardson said the duty of fixing the average price at tidewater devolved upon the general sales agents in New York. He had no power, he said, to make any change in the prices quoted to the general sales agents.

Mr. Richardson would not comment on the significance of the fact, which he admitted, that practically all the large coal companies maintained identical prices.

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BALLOONISTS ARE SAVED

Picked Up After Falling Into the Ocean.

Cuxhaven, Oct. 14.—The Spanish balloon Castilla, one of three missing contestants in the race for the international cup that was started from Berlin Sunday, dropped into the ocean six miles north of Heligoland this morning. A fishing boat was in the vicinity and sent out a small boat to the rescue. Montogo, the pilot, and his assistant, Robero, were picked up and taken back to the fishermen. Later in the day they were landed here.

Two other contestants are still missing, and fourteen torpedo boats of the German navy are patrolling the North sea in search of the balloons.

SPECULATOR STOLE $30,000

New York Firm Robbed by Trusted Employe.

New York, Oct. 16.—It became known today that the New York stock exchange house of H. I. Judson & Co. suffered a loss of $30,000 through the peculations of its former manager, Henry L. Saltonstall, who died September 12.

Saltonstall had been in the employ of the banking firm for ten years. After his death the books wkere examined. Warren B. Nash, member of the firm, said he lost the money in unfortunate stock transactions.

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THREE REFUSE BISHOPRIC

Washington, Oct. 17.—Giving as a reason that his work in Boston is still unfinished, Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, rector of Trinity (Episcopal) church of that city, has declined the position of bishop of Washington to succeed the late Rt. Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee. Dr. Mann's declination is the third since the death of Bishop Satterlee about six months ago.

LABOR MEN CONDEMNING THE ACTION OF GOMPERS

His Attempt to Swing the Labor Vote to Bryan Is Resented by the Members of New York Unions.

New York, Oct. 16.—The action of President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, in sending a circular letter to the various unions throughout the country, appealing for money with which "to help the friends and defeat the enemies of labor"—in other words, to support William Jennings Bryan and oppose William H. Taft for the presidency—is being condemned bitterly by labor men in this city. Officers of the various locals in New York attack Gompers because of the covert manner in which he is seeking to raise funds to participate in the political campaign when the chief principle of the labor organization is to keep free of political alliances. They are bitter against him because of his apparent desire to influence every member of the union to vote for Bryan, and they are frank in saying that he never has, and never can, deliver a single vote besides his own against Taft.

Will Be Failure.

A tour of the delegates to the Central Federated union, which is the central organization of the unions allied with the American Federation of Labor, is convincing that Gompers' ambition to swing the labor vote will result in a dismal failure. They resent the interference of the labor leader, and many of them say that because of that attempt at political domination they will show their independence by voting for Taft. Many of the delegates to the central local organization have been directed to announce that the members of their local union are opposed to political manipulations by labor, and they will not contribute a dollar toward Gompers' fund. They served notice to that effect at a weekly meeting.

Alfred J. Boulton, leading member of the Stereotypers' union, said that his union would not take any action on the circular. "I fought for Bryan in 1896," he said, "but I am against him this year. The Democratic party never has done anything for the laboring man when in power. No party has promised more and done less, and no party has less claim upon the support of laborers than has the Democratic party. If, when the Democrats were in power, the plutocrats of this country ever were denied anything, I should like to know what that one thing is. The leaders of the Democratic party have betrayed the masses, and now Bryan is seeking to harmonize the forces that plunder and are plundered, but he will fail miserably. The people who are lined up behind him now are those who have plundered the laboring people."

Others Against Bryan.

Alfred Abrahams, of the Pressmen's union, asked this question: "What's the use of the laboring men contributing a few thousand dollars to the Democratic party when that party will get hundreds of thousands of dollars, if not millions, from the Standard Oil company?" Adolph Krieger, of Local No. 476, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, is bitterly opposed to the action of Gompers. Elias Wolf, of the Cigarmakers' union No. 90, said: "If other unions are fools enough to get money for Bryan my union won't."

PATRIOT STILL IN PRISON

Efforts to Have Tschaikovsky Released Are Futile.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 19.—The attempts made in Russia and England to raise the $25,000 bail demanded by the Russian government for the release of Nicholas Tschaikovsky, the Russian patriot, who has been imprisoned in this city for the past 11 months, have been fruitless, and he is still in the central political prison.

The proposal to open a public subscription in Russia has been abandoned because it was found that the chances for success were very slight. It has been suggested here that Tschaikovsky's friends in America might come to his assistance.

A FOOD LESSON

That the Teacher Won't Forget.

Teaching school is sometimes very arduous work. If the teacher is not robust and in good health, she can't do her best for her scholars or for her own satisfaction.

When it becomes a question of proper food for brain work, as in school teaching, many teachers have found Grape-Nuts ideal.

"I have been for many years a teacher, and several months ago found myself in such a condition that I feared I should have to give up work," writes a N. Y. teacher.

"So nervous was I, that dizziness and spells of faintness were frequent and my head and stomach gave me much trouble.

"Several physicians who treated me gave me only temporary relief and the old ails returned.

"About three months ago I dropped all medicine and began eating Grape-Nuts morning and night. Now, my head is clear, pain in stomach entirely gone, and I have gained in flesh. I am not only continuing in school but have engaged to teach another year.

"I owe my restored health, a brighter outlook on life, and relief from doctor bills, to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BOY EARNS $12 A WEEK SIGNS NOTES FOR $310,000

Remarkable "Dummy" Loan Transaction by Bank of North America Told in Trial of C. W. Morse and A. H. Curtis.

New York, Oct. 17.—That a 19-year-old clerk in a broker's office, earning $12 a week, was loaned $310,000 of the funds of the Bank of North America in a "dummy" loan transaction, was the startling testimony brought out yesterday at the trial of Charles W. Morse and Alfred H. Curtis in the United States circuit court.

In the testimony of Edward P. Moxey, a government bank examiner, it had been revealed that one Leslie E. Whiting had been one of the heaviest borrowers from the National Bank of North America, at one time owing the institution as much as $310,000. There was hardly a week went by in the year of 1907, the testimony showed, that Whiting did not borrow $100,000 or more, giving ice stock, principally, as security. It always appeared in the records as presented, however, that the enormous sums of money borrowed by Whiting were credited to the account of Charles W. Morse.

At the conclusion of Examiner Moxey's testimony Leslie Whiting was called to the stand, and those in the court room who had expected to see a dignified, shrewd-looking business man step forward, were astonished to see a smooth-cheeked boy of under 20 years walk nervously to the witness stand. A smile swept the room, and Judge Hough rapped sharply for order.

After Whiting had been made to describe how he had come to sign the notes which made him indebted to the bank for such large amounts, he was asked:

"Could you have paid this note I hold here for $82,000?"

"What, me?" answered the startled boy. "No—no, I couldn't."

"Could you have paid a $1,000 note?" pressed the attorney for the prosecution.

"No, sir," responded the boy, a trifle more assured.

The witness explained that he had been sent to the bank by his employers to sign the notes. He said he knew he was incurring an obligation, but felt sure his employers would protect the notes. Whiting testified that he had never talked with Mr. Morse or Mr. Curtis concerning the signing of notes or the putting up of collateral.

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In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Now, believe me, God hides some ideal in every human soul. Some time in our lives we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.

MONDAY

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for the heart of a child, for there is no saying where it will blossom forth.

TUESDAY

Remember this: A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint in temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with.

WEDNESDAY

Help us to see that as in the densest swamps the sweetest flowers grow, so, even in our darkest hours, we still may be sweet at heart, saying the word, doing the deed, giving the sympathy that will make the world sing and blossom.

THURSDAY

Home is made dear, not by its furnishings, but by the memories and inspirations of the hours we spent under its roof with those who loved us and were always tender and true.

FRIDAY

We are never more discontented with others than we are discontented with ourselves.

SATURDAY

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

AN OLD SAYING

By Elizabeth Ayres

There are truth and wisdom in many an old saying, and there is many an old saying whose truth may be disputed and whose wisdom is open to question. One of the verses Robert Burns wrote more than a century ago, has come down through the years, and times without number it has been used to point a moral from the standard of its original conception. The verse is this:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Thought changes with the transformation wrought by the passing years. It has become a habit to accept this verse as a truism, when in reality it would be a calamity to "see oursel's as ithers see us" in the sweeping sense the verse implies. It would be a good thing could we occasionally have our faults mirrored before us, so that we might "read, mark, learn," and give them correction, but to know the various opinions in which we are held would be disquieting rather than helpful.

None may hope to meet with universal approval. There are too many differences of opinion among people; too great a variance in likes and dislikes for this to be possible, and, were we aware of them all we should be torn asunder.

To bask in the sunshine of approval is delightful; to shiver in the cold shadows of disapproval is terrible. We can discern fairly well by the way we are treated whether approval or its opposite is our lot, but the "giftie to see oursel's as ithers see us" might not always be a sure warrant for self improvement.

Everyone likes to be liked, and is the better for it. To be disliked arouses the worst there is in us, though it should be the signal to hunt for the cause, and, if it lies within ourselves, to try to remove it.

The good opinion of people is worth striving for and to hold in respect. To be enslaved by fear of what others may be thinking or saying regarding us is useless, depressing and hampering. Sometimes ignorance is not only bliss, but it is profitable as well, since we cannot be disturbed or held back from a purpose by criticisms we do not hear, or by opinions we do not know.

It is far from being deleterious to have a good opinion of oneself. This does not mean self-satisfaction, conceit or egotism. It means belief in one's powers, and faith in one's ability. It means self-respect and the expectation of receiving from others that which is our due.

The thoughts turned toward us are, to a great extent influenced by our own attitude toward the world. If one expects to succeed, expects kindness, expects the good, it is more than likely that the expectations will come true.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

I want to mention a thing I have often thought of and seen, and I wish to offer the idea to the members of the Cozy Corner for their thought and, perchance, edification.

It is in regard to the duty of people in condolence; a greatly neglected feature. It is quite natural to visit the sick and to minister to them, and it is commendatory, too. It is also the custom to attend the dying and to assist the bereaved friends of the dead and at burials. Words of consolation on such occasions are apples of gold in pictures of silver. Flowers are more than beautiful for they show sympathy—that superhuman beauty of the heart. Tears are "gems from pity's mine, already polished by the Hand Divine." All these are sympathetic and appropriate.

But the trouble is when we lay the wreath on the grave and the benediction on the heart, we seem to imagine our duty to the sorrowing is then done. But does not every person who has lost friends call to mind that after they were laid away, then was the most lonely time of all?

How true were the words of Jonathan to David: "Thou wilt be missed, for thy seat will be empty."

Now, my dear friends, if we would not forget this so often forgotten fact, and show our condolence in every possible way, even after the obsequies when our comfort is really needed, we would do more good.

I have often been tempted to write about this and I think ministers would do well in their sermons to urge people to use more good sense in these matters. My idea may suggest other ideas of neglected duties, and places where people may make improvements in practical good works. I would suggest the subject of improvement in the performing of good deeds as an excellent line of thought for Cozy Corner readers. One idea I will mention, is that I believe we make our funerals or burials too sombre and sad. I like to see persons dressed in white for burial. Death is dark enough. Make it brighter, more hopeful, more cheerful.—Jonathan.

The editor hopes that some of her people will follow Jonathan's suggestion. Give your ideas of improvements in ways of doing good, and what you think about other matters which shall benefit humanity.—Ed.

A LAND OF BEAUTY.

I live near Springdale, Arkansas, on the Ozark mountains. It is a beautiful country to live in. I have been reading The Blade for some time, and take great pleasure in the Household letters and the Poets' Corner. As I am something of a poet myself, I love to read poetry. James Whitcomb Riley and Frank L. Stanton are my favorites. I can almost claim relationship with Mr. Riley as I am a Hoosier, too, and was born and "growed up" in Indiana.

This being my first letter to the Household, I hardly know what to write about to make myself interesting. I have lived in Arkansas about eight years. We raise fruit of all kinds. Here is where the famed big red apple grows, and the celebrated Alberta peach. We have apple and peach orchards all over these mountains, and strawberry fields are numerous. The springtime in this country is beautiful beyond description when the orchards are in full bloom—apple, peach, cherry, plum, all rivaling one another to see which can make the greatest display. The autumn brings soft days and good cheer. We have lovely autumns that delight the soul and last till the latter part of December. The fall flowers—goldenrod and others—that peep out from fence corners, blossom profusely in the sunshine, and the forests are painted in all colors. In any direction one may look, the landscape is beautiful.

Springdale has more shade trees than any town I have ever seen. It is a pretty place, and has a fine spring in the center of it from which the town takes its name. There are two good schools and many churches. There never has been a saloon in Springdale, and we feel safe in saying there never will be one. The people are much against anything that resembles a saloon.—Morning Glory.

"OUR OWN COUNTRY."

I have just called for a friendly chat this morning. I am getting toward the end of my pilgrimage, and think more about my own country and the good time I shall have when I get there. I have many dear friends there, and then there are many great and good men and women of all ages whom I am anxious to see and hear. The great poets will be there, and oh, what music we shall hear when we get to our own country. But, as I am here yet on this earth, I find much to do, and I aim to hustle up and do all the good I can find. I am sure it will be credited to me at the great day.

I am interested in the Household. I read all the letters. Am getting so well acquainted with some of you, it almost seems as if I belonged to the family.

To the children I want to say I am glad you write, and if we send a letter that is not published, never mind, we will try again. Our editor may not have space for all that we write, but I am sure she appreciates our efforts and will do what is right. By and by you children can step over into the M. G. R., and next to the Cozy Corner, but be sure that you don't step outside of the Home Circle. There's an old saying you know: "There's no place like home."—Old Pilgrim.

The other part of your letter will be in the M. G. R.—Ed.

INQUIRIES.

A Pilgrim wishes to know how to keep chestnuts fresh for winter use.

A Busy Bee asks: "Can anyone tell me how to put up pumpkin in tin cans?"

Helen Jane writes: Will someone please tell me how to make sait rising bread, and bread in which sour milk is used.

Mrs. J. would like to have some recipes for home-made candies, such as sea foam, caramels and marshmallows.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Mrs. J. R. R. sends this: To stop a hole in the stove pipe, mix wood ashes and salt with cold water. Spread on when the pipe is cold.

To keep cider sweet: Take new cider and let it come to a boil. Skim, put in fruit cans and seal immediately. Cider canned this way will keep until the summer.—Bradford.

Another friend says: The day after the cider is made, or on the same day, let it come to a boil, skim, and can hot as you would fruit. It will keep as well in bottles as in cans. I cover the corks with paraffin—A reader from Poland, New York.

From Mrs. Snyder we have this: My way of making unfermented grape wine is to wash the grapes, put in a porcelain kettle, cook, drain the juice, return to the fire, sweeten to taste, bottle and seal.

As grape jelly candies, it is well to prepare the juice this way and when grape jelly is wanted open a bottle. Use one-half as much sugar as juice. Cook 20 minutes or more, as needed, and the jelly is done.

Mrs. R. K.: Manuscripts should be type-written or they are not likely to be read. Send it to some publisher and ask his opinion of it.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Many thanks to the friends who have sent recipes, answers to inquiries, helpful hints, and countless other things which make the Cozy Corner "just like home."—Editor.

One of our correspondents sends this formula for home made hard soap, which is likely to be found useful: To one can of condensed lye add three gallons of water and five pounds of grease. Boil two and a half hours, then add a small, half pint of salt. Boil thirty-five minutes longer, then add half a gallon of hot water. Boil up once, remove from the fire, pour into pans and cut in squares when the soap is partially hardened.—Bradford.

Letters lately received are from A Pilgrim, Little Mountain Sister, Mr. B. Lee, Atlantic, Mrs. J., Old Subscriber, and Mrs. A. A. B.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

GIVING THE OTHER KIDS THE CHANCE

"Boy," said the inquisitive lady to the overgrown youth, "why aren't you in school this time of the day?"

"I don't go to school," retorted the lad; "I'm too big for the other kids in the class!"

"But, don't you ever intend to go to schools?"

"Sure. I'm just layin' off to give the rest of the kids a chance to grow up to me!"

To remove bad odors from a room, burn a piece of dried orange peel on a hot shovel or old tin. The odor will disappear, leaving a pleasant one in its place. Burned coffee is also effective.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

JACK-'O-LANTERN.

In the pleasant cornfield,
All the summer through,
Such a funny playmate
Waited long for you.
Snugly housed and hidden
Where the gay, green leaves,
Bending close together,
Made his rustling eaves.
When the corn was gathered,
When the flowers were dead,
From the lonely hillside
Peered his golden head.
Now at last behold him,
With his open face,
Smiling broad and cheery
In the darkest place.
Bear him forth in triumph
Through the autumn night,
Jolly jack-o'-lantern
With his eyes so bright.
Comic little fellow,
Come to make you fun,
When in gray November
Summer sports are done.

My papa has taken The Blade for a long time and I have read the children's letters for quite a while, but never have written any myself. I have two grown-up brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is eighteen, and my little sister is three. We live in California, a few miles from Sacramento. I think California is a pretty place, what I have seen of it. We came here from Michigan about four months ago. We live on an almond farm. When the almonds are ready to shuck that means work for me. I have a pet kitten named Bohunkus. As I have not lived here long I have but few pets. I enjoy living in the country, as I have never lived in it before.

I am thirteen years old and am in the seventh grade. There are many nice girls in the neighborhood with whom I have many good times.

"Shure, an' I suppose yees will not fergit this here letter of mine."—Bunny.

Here comes a little North Carolinan. I read the letters in The Blade every week and enjoy them very much. This is my first letter. If I see it in print, perhaps I will write again. I live in Mount Airy, N. C. The mountains surround it on all sides. The scenery is beautiful. I am fourteen years old and am in the seventh grade. I have four teachers and love them very much. I have no pets like most of the little girls that write, but I have a little brother and sister. They are both too small to go to school with me.—Verta Council.

Dear Editor—I am 10 years old. I go to school every day. I live at Kelloggville. My papa makes cheese. I have a dog. His name is Sport, and a cat, his name is Tip. I have a grandpa and grandma. My grandpa is M. L. Holmes. I stayed with them seven weeks in the summer, and would like to go again. They would be glad to see this letter in The Toledo Blade.—Leland Hall.

I am a California girl and live about twenty miles from Sacramento. I came here from New Jersey two years ago, and I like it here quite well. We live on a peach farm, and we have a horse and cow. The horse's name is Dinah, and the cow's name is Babe. For my pet I have a cat whose name is Teddy, and he is black and white. My two sisters are eleven years old and fifteen. I am thirteen and am in the ninth grade. I passed the examinations this year. I have some friends here and I like farm life quite well. I will close.—Chrysanthemum.

I am a little girl 8 years old. I live in Southwestern Ohio, in Clermont county, where they raise tobacco, watermelons, corn and wheat. I live in the town of Point Isabel, and I have to walk a quarter of a mile to school. I shall go to school to my cousin next winter.

I have a little dog. His name is Trixie. He is quite a playfellow. I have six dolls, a piano, a stereoscope and 100 comic pictures. My papa has taken The Blade several years. My Grandpa Holter had taken it for 30 years.—Gail Holter.

I have been reading the children's letters and thought I would write one too. I am a little girl 11 years old. I live on a farm close to the timber. There is a lake near our house, where I go boat riding and fishing. There were lots of wild flowers in the summer and I think they are pretty. I think the wild rose is one of the loveliest of wild flowers. I gather flowers every day. There are lots of lilies by the lake. I live close to the town of Perry.

Wishing all the children good luck.—Wild Rose Bud from Iowa.

"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE"

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, author of our national hymn, America, has been commemorated by naming the twenty-first of October, the day of his birth, America Day.

Dr. Smith was born in Boston in 1808, and at an early age he became interested in religious matters. He was a prodigy in the way of writing, and was the author of excellent verse when he was 11 years old. He entered Harvard college in 1825, in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others whose names in after years became famous. From Harvard he went to Andover Theological seminary, whence he was graduated in 1832. In the early part of his career he was occupied in general literary pursuits and in editorial work, largely in the service of Christian missions, to which he devoted much energy.

Hymns from his pen are to be found in the hymnbooks of all Christian denominations. One of his best-known missionary hymns, The Morning Light Is Breaking, has been translated into many languages. The Psalmist, a hymnbook used almost universally in the Baptist churches of the United States for many years, contains about thirty of his compositions.

When Lowell Mason, who published several collections of church and Sunday school music, brought out Juvenile Lyrics, the first book of child's music ever published in this country, Dr. Smith wrote most of the songs, the greater number being imitations from the German, and it was a German music book which furnished the inspiration for the words of our national hymn. How it came to be written is told by Book News for October in the following story:

There was an effort made to save the Old South church in Boston. The entertainment given within those old walls on the evening of May 4, 1877, was presided over by Governor Rice, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Smith and Oliver Wendell Holmes. All of them spoke on that occasion. Dr. Smith told the story of "America." William C. Woodbridge said that he had brought from Germany many years before a number of books used in the schools there, containing words and music. These were committed to Dr. Lowell Mason, who placed them in Dr. Smith's hands, asking him to translate any that he might find worthy, or if he preferred, furnish the original words to such of the music as would please him.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, Author of Our National Hymn.

It was among this collection that appeared on a gloomy day in February, 1832, the students at Andover found its present music to a patriotic hymn, and under its inspiration at once brought into being "America."

The hymn was first produced on festive occasions and at the children's celebration of the anniversary of American independence at Park Street church, in Boston, on July 4, 1832. It soon found its way into the district and Sabbath schools, and patriotic gatherings throughout the country. A friend of the author had long before the war heard it warbled by some children on the doorsteps of a settler's cabin in Texas. A delegation from the Boston Board of Trade sang it together at the summit of the Rocky Mountains. It has since been sung from the ridges of Pike's and Gray's Peaks, and has been used at the American celebrations of Fourth of July and New England Thanksgivings by the pilgrims in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Constantinople, Calcutta and the islands of the Pacific.

The author's college friends, especially those of the class of 1829, for fifty years, at their annual class dinners, invariably made it the first song to be sung.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

HAPPY MERRY GO ROUNDS.

By Floyd M. Hadley.

Here's to the happy M. G. R.,
The lads and lassies of the past,
Who read with joy where e'er they are
These columns to the very last,
For Time has sprinkled looks of gray
Where once the curls of childhood grew,
But still they read, and often say,
"These letters in my day were few."

"But now 'tis 'Bessie M.' or 'Jane,'
Or 'Henry G.' or 'Blue-Eyed Me,'
Who live in Oregon or Maine,
Or 'Hustling John' from Tennessee.
How we all watch for our dear Blade,
To learn of all these folks and friends,
How homes and pleasant things are made,
And how each one his state defends.

Much knowledge from this page is wrought,
If letters from your state you send,
Describing scenes where Nature taught
To those who had an eye to lend;
We many miles apart may be,
But by this weekly friend of ours,
May cause us pleasant days to see
And brighten life's way with its flowers.

Today as I read the letters I fell to meditating, and went back to the time I wrote my first one, and, as I mused, I found myself called upon to pay my dues.

What changes have come into my life since I wrote that first letter!

I was then living in the east. Now my home is in the middle west. It is not strange and wild here, as I imagined it would be. I found schools and churches, people of refinement, and conditions in general that compare favorably with eastern conditions. The houses range from sod to veritable mansions, but even the sod house, though rough of exterior, is nearly always very homelike inside.

Books, flowers and music help to pass the long winter evenings as pleasantly here as in the east, and then they have their social affairs, into which everyone enters with such good will and beautiful hospitality that a stranger soon feels at home, or at least I did.

Some time ago I saw a letter from "A Hello Girl." You said you were tired of country life. I know just how much the city calls you, but did you ever think of the beauty you would leave? Here we have the trees, the hills, the wild flowers and all the wonderful gifts of nature to love if we will. Here we find best expressed God's love for us. Sometimes I think we fail to appreciate His handiwork—nature. I have lived in the city, but I believe the greatest happiness is to be found in the country. Just try to love nature.

Salome of Indiana, I enjoyed your letter very much. I have lived in Detroit, and to read it recalled pleasant memories. Meg, I wish to thank you for your kind words.

Mary V., I am very glad that you have your dear mother to care for you. I, too, am caring for a loved one, and it is such a sweet joy to know that I can ease his pain and be with him to cheer his declining years, that I would not change places with anyone I know of. With best wishes for the future.—Heather Bell.

It has been so long since I have been present at our meetings I feared I must be forgotten by this time, or ruled out of membership. I have never, for one moment, lost interest in our beloved circle, and, by way of an apology for so long an absence, I will say, like Mountain Sister, I have resigned my wage-earning position to keep house for a beloved husband. I have also changed my state of residence to Ohio. Have I made a mistake? Is it as good a state to live in as Pennsylvania? And, dear Mountain Sister, I too live only about a five-minute ride over the trolley line to Rock Spring's park, and I occasionally go there in the evenings for a ride.

Recently one who signed herself Mary E. Shout gave my sentiments in the Cozy Corner in regard to taking up some study or work, and "never grow too old to learn."

We all should have some interest aside from our everyday round of work to relieve its monotony. I am sure we all have some undeveloped talent. I should like to hear from the M. G. R.'s about some of their interests and what we can do to help one another. I have longed for some knowledge of elocution. Good-by.—Golden Rod, Pa.

We have taken The Blade for several years, and we like it every year. I like to read the Household page better than any other part of the paper. I think the Poets' Corner is a nice thing for the readers of the paper.

I am a farmer's son. We live four miles from town. Our principal crops are corn, wheat, oats and tomatoes. We have a canning factory in our neighborhood where they can tomatoes and sauerkraut. I sometimes work at the factory. We grow an abundance of tomatoes and I love to gather them.

I will close with a pen-picture of myself. I am five feet six inches tall. I weigh about 136 pounds, and have brown eyes and hair. I am nineteen years old.—Hoosier Lad.

Thank you for your approving words regarding The Blade. We try to make it "the great and only."

I have been a reader of the dear old Blade for nearly thirty years, and I dearly love the M. G. R.

The suoject of books and authors has been pretty well discussed, but I want to say that I think Charles M. Sheldon's In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do? one of the best.

I have been correspondent for a number of country papers, and one in particular I took great pride in. My work was highly complimented by the editor for promptness and good work, but when the great temperance question came up, to my sorrow and surprise, my editor stood up for the saloon.

I reminded him of the good he might do on the right side, but he was obstinate. Then I asked myself the question: "What would Jesus do?" Would I be following in his steps if I helped to support a paper that upheld saloons.

I do not think that Jesus would hold up just one little corner of the sheet of intemperance, and, after studying it over carefully and prayerfully, I resigned. I think I did right. My home is in a small village on the banks of the murky St. Joe river. I will sign myself—Your Sister in Christ.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Ho! for the bending sheaves,
Ho! for the crimson leaves
Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies with a depth untold,
Liquid and tender.
—James Russell Lowell.

From "Old Pilgrim" comes this message to some of "our boys": West Virginia Boy—You say you have a hard row. Many of us can say the same. I had a hard, long row, but I hoed it to the end, and now I am getting my reward. Stick to your row. Hoe it well. Hoe it to the end, and your reward is sure.

Saginaw Boy—You say The Blade is up-to-date in politics and religion. You are right. It is not like some old, rusty tool that can be used for any work. It is bright, has a keen edge, and sometimes cuts deep.

Letters have been received from Queen Esther, Helen Jane, Pearl from Illinois, Little Girl Friend, Black Eyes, and Brown-Eyed Fern.

Black Eyes says in her letter: "Autumn is here and what pretty colors the leaves are putting on. May every one of the M. G. R. members put on bright faces instead of frowns as they look at the brightness of the leaves."

FRUITLANDS FARM.

The stories written by Louisa M. Alcott have been in continual circulation since she began writing in the fifties. The great popularity of her books has lasted for more than half a century and the joy of reading her books passes from generation to generation.

Little Men and Little Women are two of her best known books, and are said to picture the family life of the Alcotts. Work is another of her successful stories.

Miss Alcott was born at Germantown, Pa., in 1832. She died at Boston, Mass., in 1888. The accompanying picture is of Fruitlands Farm, which, in 1843, was for a short time the home of the Alcotts. The picture shows Fruitlands exactly as it looks today.

HALLOWE'EN PARTIES

Parties for the "grown-ups," frolics and all sorts of "cutting-up" for the younger generation are expected to happen on Hallowe'en, and some sort of entertaining, either elaborate or simple, has come to be generally planned for the evening of the thirty-first of October.

There are so many ways to amuse, so many Hallowe'en schemes to try that it is impossible to do them all in one evening, but really, the important thing, is to have a good time in the most informal manner possible.

Of course, the leading decoration for Hallowe'en parties, is the jack-o-lantern, which may be made from home-grown pumpkins, or bought at the stores, though nothing is funnier than the jack-lantern, carved by father or brother. Sister has been known to take a hand in this sort of work, too. Sheaves of wheat, stalks of corn, are also appropriate decorations.

Here are some things to do at a Hallowe'en party: Have pop corn to be popped by the guests, dishes filled with red apples, and bowls of nuts to crack. Bobbing for apples is a game so old that no one seems to be able to tell its origin, but no Hallowe'en party is complete without it.

To "bob" successfully, fill a small tub with water, put in eight or ten apples, first having inserted in one of them a ring, in another a thimble, in a third a coin, and in one a button. Thus will the fate of four persons be decided on the spot.

The candle fortune is always popular. Place lighted candles in an open window, each one of which has been silently named before being lighted, and the one that burns the longest is the one who will remain faithful forever.

A Dutch lunch is attractive when it comes to refreshments. Brown and rye bread, cider, coffee and potato salad serve for the substantials. Other things may be added as you choose. A mystery cake is a great audition to a Hallowe'en luncheon. This should be a very large cake, and the honor of cutting the first slice is "drawn" for. Inside the cake are tiny white bags inserted before baking or icing, containing flour which indicates a rich marriage; sugar, signifying a love match; corn meal, which shows that the one who draws this will have to work for a living, and three empty bags, which foretell single blessedness for the next year.

In this sort of a party old and young may join together for an evening of wholesome fun, though above all things avoid practical jokes, or the perpetration of ghostly tricks which may prove alarming to those who have "nerves."

THE POETS' CORNER

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

By Albion W. Tourgee.

All day long the river flowed
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping bank on either side
But half imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown;
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitful tide
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.
Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think of what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the hilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care,
Old Periton's only son and heir,
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit an profit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;
Rawboned and deep-chested, his eyes full of fire;
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these;
The foal of a racer transformed to a god,
For the son of a merchant when out a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close-gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease,
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to perilled Johnstown.
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly out rang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoofs' iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! fly to the hills! The waters are out!"
Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress;
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile further on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled his shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, who carried Revere
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Dan Periton's raw-boned bay,
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with heaped-up dead.
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four,
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh
A goodlier statue man never saw—
Dan's foot on the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
So they shall live in marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

THE WORLD REFORMER AND HIS WIFE

Said Farmer John to Joiner Ned:
"Come put a back door on my shed."

Says Joiner Ned to Farmer John:
"I cannot put your back door on.
The guild I'm interested in
For the abolishment of sin
Meets at my house this very day,
And so I cannot get away."

"Well, after you've abolished sin
Come down tomorrow and begin;
I want that back door in my shed,"
Said Farmer John to Joiner Ned.

"Tomorrow, neither, can I come,
The Friends of the Millennium
Meet at the house of Deacon Kent,
And I am first vice president."

"Well, then, next Wednesday, without doubt
When your millennium's started out,
Just let it take its course and spread,
And put that back door in my shed."

"I read an essay Wednesday, John,
Before the Culture club, upon
'The Easiest Method to Restore
Our Long-Lost Eden Here Once More;'
To foster peace, abolish war,
And render virtue popular."

"Well, get your Eden here all right
By sundown, prompt, next Wednesday night;
And then, next Thursday morning, Ned,
Come put that back door on my shed."

"The Anti-Hunger club convenes
Next Thursday, down to Hiram Green's,
And I have promised to orate
On how to crush and extirpate
Man's tendency for fish and meat,
His groveling desire to eat."

"But won't you come down, by and by,
We'll say two years from next July?
You'll have your various schemes put through,
You'll have the universe built new;
Come down, then, with your tool-kit, Ned,
And put that back door in my shed."

"I think," says Ned, "I'll take that chance
If you will pay me in advance;
For my wife says that we've no meat
And no flour in the house to eat;
This cash may save domestic strife
And kind of pacify my wife."

WON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE?

By Harry Williams.

The time was in June,
The bees humm'd a tune,
The perfume of love filed the air,
When just o'er the way
Sat a baby one day,
All alone and no one seem'd to care;
But one passerby
Turn'd and look'd with a sigh,
At the tears and the eyes swollen red,
Then close to her breast
The young darling she pressed,
And tenderly to her she said:

CHORUS.

Won't you come over to my house?
Won't you come over and play?
I've lots of playthings, a dolly or two;
We live in the house 'cross the way;
I'll give you candy and sweet things,
I'll put your hair in a curl;
Won't you come over to my house
And play that you're my little girl?

Perhaps you don't know
That not long ago,
These toys I am giving to you
Were my little girl's,
Yes, my own little Pearl's,
And her eyes were like yours, large and blue;
But one night I found
That the angels came 'round
And they took her 'way up to the sky;
So don't stay away,
But come over each day,
Or you'll make your new mamma cry.

DOWN WHERE THE SUWANNEE RIVER FLOWS

Where the sweet magnolia blows,
Where the Suwannee river flows,
Where the birds are singing songs of Dixie land
Down an old plantation way
At the closing of the day,
I wandered with a letter in my hand.
They just wrote: "My boy come home,
Mama's waiting all alone, and she wants you here before you go away,"
For she wants to know the bliss of her baby's goodnight kiss,
Of the boy who went away to wear the gray.

CHORUS.

Down where the Suwannee river flows,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow,
I could hear the darkies singing,
In my old plantation home,
Down where the Suwannee river flows.

Where the sweet magnolia blows,
Where the Suwanee river flows,
There's a lonesome little cabin on the hill;
'Tis the old home of my birth,
Where no fire burns on the hearth,
No mama's there, the place is cold and still.
On the mantelpiece unread, is the note in which I said,
"Mother, darling, I am coming, wait for me."
But I found a vacant chair standing by the fireside there,
And I knelt and said on bended knee:

CHORUS.

Down where the Suwannee river flows, etc.

POEMS REQUESTED.

The verses entitled Whistling in Heaven, are requested. The last lines are:

That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

Another poem requested is Hezekiah and Ruth, beginning:

"'Twas in the summer season of the year,
One Sabbath afternoon serene and clear.

Does anyone know the song, Sing Me a Song of the South?

The song, Over the Waves, is wanted. It begins: "Over the waves my true lover is sailing today."

College Oil Cans is the title of a poem that is asked for.

Can someone send the words to the song, Where the Southern Roses Grew? Also the words to Philista Shall Fall.

Copies of these poems are wanted. One begins: "Only an idol of clay." The other: "Tell Me, Ye Winged Wings."

The song beginning, "To the west, to the west, to the land of the free," is requested. Also James Whitcomb Riley's verses, "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin."

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Don't Spend A Penny

Be Sure First

by a Test at our risk. Don't spend a penny before you have tested it, before you are sure, before you have seen and felt. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust **to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude.** The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know how Vitæ-Ore helps, we know we will get our pay when it does help, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. **We are glad to do it.**

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, **but a test,** and a test that has lead in thousands of cases to **positive knowledge** that Vitæ-Ore is a right medicine for sick and suffering, poor, thin-blooded, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized, Heart-frightened men and women. It is a test that leads to our pay and Vitæ-Ore's popularity. **That is why we take all the Risk** and why we plainly and boldly say to you **Don't Spend a Penny until you have tested it.**

You Don't Risk

One Single, Solitary, Red Cent. You must use a postage stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2-cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. **We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if** Vitæ-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the **30-day treatment benefits you,** unless it proves Vitæ-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. **We don't want a nickle of your hard-earned money** unless you are glad, willing, happy and proud to send it to us for what Vitæ-Ore has accomplished for you. **Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise!** We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our trial offer; read the proof we give upon this page; read what Vitæ-Ore is; **read what it has accomplished for others,** and write today for the $1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

Cured Four Years Ago.

Permanently Relieved of Rheumatism and Nervousness at the Age of Seventy-eight.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I was afflicted with Rheumatism for many years, the attacks being especially strong during last winter. I could not sleep nights on account of the pain which centered in my back and left leg. My Nervous System was also affected. The doctors who treated me said they could not help me, as I was seventy-eight years old, and my system was entirely worn out. I doctored with so many kinds of medicine that I had a small drug store at home, but nothing helped me. I had new hopes, as summer approached, that the warm weather would bring me relief, but this hope was not gratified, as I grew no better. Then I gave up all thought of a cure, thinking that the doctors were right and that nothing could help me.

One day I read the Vitæ-Ore advertisement in my church paper and sent for a package. After five days it had done me so much good that I was well pleased. After using two packages I was entirely cured of the Rheumatism and my nervous system is now so wonderfully improved and strengthened that I can work with as much force and vigor as I could twenty or twenty-five years ago. Vitæ-Ore has caused an entire change in my system, seeming to make a new man of me. I wanted to wait with my report until I was fully convinced that the benefit is entire and permanent, and I write at this time without the least inducement from the Theo. Noel Company, merely through appreciation toward God and the wonderful Vitæ-Ore medicine. I hope that Vitæ-Ore will continue to be a blessing to all ailing mankind.

REV. JOHN FUCHS, 1507 Ashland Ave.

Re-affirmed Four Years Later.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 27, 1908.—I was cured of Rheumatism by Vitæ-Ore about four years ago, but I use it regularly for two reasons: First: it strengthens my Nerves wonderfully. I am 82 years old and preach every Sunday, do all the work of a pastor and serve the congregation. Second: it keeps my Kidneys in good order so that I have no trouble to urinate, which often is the trouble of old men. I never will do without Vitæ-Ore. If everyone would only know how good it is, no one would be without it.

REV. JOHN FUCHS.

Read This Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take **absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes, cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on trial.**

What Vitae-Ore Is.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, when mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

KIDNEY and BOWEL DISORDERS

Back and Side Pained Her. Also Had Rheumatism, Stomach and Female Troubles.

CUMBY, TEXAS.—My Kidneys were badly affected, my Bowels were out of order and my Stomach was in such a bad condition that

I could not eat anything without its almost killing me. I also had Rheumatism and had gone down from 225 pounds to 175 pounds. I had been in this state for a year, but the first of October 1903, I grew worse; my back and side pained me so much I could hardly go about, my kidneys acted continually day and night as did my bowels; there seemed to be a fire in my stomach and at times the suffering was so great it seemed I could not live. I took everything I knew of, including several kinds of patent medicines; some relieved me for a short time, but none cured me. My periods lasted from two to three weeks, and no one but a woman can know what I suffered. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and I decided to see what it would do and sent for a package. It helped me right from the start. I kept on using it and today I am sound and well because of it and think it the greatest thing on earth. We now use it for every ailment in the family and it always helps. Too much cannot be said of it. MRS. J. B. MAHAFFEY.

USE THIS COUPON

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in *THE TOLEDO BLADE* and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME_____

TOWN_____

STATE_____

Street or Rural Route_____

A Trial of Vitae-Ore Will tell to you its own plain story, a story that has meant Comfort, Peace and Happiness to thousands.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitæ-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. ADDRESS US AS BELOW.

THEO. NOEL CO., T. B. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

REFUGEES CREMATED

Train Wrecked in Midst of Blazing Michigan Forest, 17 Lives Lost.

Alpena, Mich., Oct. 16.—Nearly a score of refugees from the fire-swept village of Metz, 25 miles north of this city on the Detroit & Mackinac railway, are known to have been burned to death between Metz and the village of Posen last night when the relief train was wrecked by a burned out culvert.

Details are still lacking, and reports are coming in very slowly as a result of the destruction of wires and poles by the fierce forest fires, but it is known from Millersburg at noon that 17 burned skulls have been found in the ruins of the destroyed relief train, and that the fireman was burned to death in the water tank of his locomotive, where he had taken refuge.

It is not yet definitely known how many persons were aboard the relief train when it pulled out of Metz last night, nor whether any of the refugees except the two trainmen who have arrived at Posen escaped with their lives. The information received from Millersburg told only of the skulls being found in the wreck, and that Conductor Kinville and Engineer Foster escaped from the burning train by crawling along the tracks on their hands and knees, with the forest on either side roaring furnaces.

Train Headed Back.

With its load of frightened men, women and children the train pulled out of Metz about midnight, it is understood, and started for the north. There were flames along the tracks on both sides, and the roar of the burning woods rose above the sound of the engine. The train proceeded toward the north as far as Hawks Station, about half way between Metz and Millersburg. There the flames were sweeping across the track so fiercely as to make further progress in that direction impossible.

The train was immediately headed about toward the south and Alpena. The necessity for returning again into the flame ridden section from which they had been fleeing increased the terror of the passengers aboard the ill-fated extemporized relief train. As they were rushing through the fire and smoke the train struck a culvert which had been burned through. It left the rails and piled into the ditch, according to the meager reports received through the two trainmen who had escaped.

Scenes of Horror.

What scenes of horror must have followed when the terror-stricken refugees found themselves helpless amid the fire from which they had been fleeing, are not yet known from the lips of any survivor. Conductor Kinville and Engineer Foster managed to crawl into Posen early this morning on their hands and knees, both badly burned. Kinville is reported to be blind by his burns. No story has been obtained from them yet, owing to lack of wires. Only the baré report that they are alive and in the village has come out.

Reports are insistent that there were 150 to 200 people on the burned train, but it is absolutely impossible to confirm this, or to state whether any survivors from the train made their way through the burning forests to safety.

Blind from Burns.

Conductor Kinville is reported to be blind from his burns, but Foster is understood to be not seriously injured. There are rumors, also vague and unsatisfactory, that others escaped with two trainmen, but up to noon they can neither be confirmed nor denied.

The forest fires about Alpena in Presque Isle county suddenly became threatening again yesterday, after it was thought that the heavy rains early in the month had extinguished them.

They spread rapidly, and were soon menacing a number of towns along the line of the Detroit and Mackinac railroad. The little village of Metz, with about 100 inhabitants, was one of them. Its situation became acutely dangerous last night. The Detroit & Mackinac railroad sent in a relief train of box cars. Household goods and store stocks were loaded on some of the cars, and people filled the others. How many were taken aboard is not known, nor is it yet known whether any of the farmers from outlying points had come into Metz seeking refuge from the flames. If this is the case there may have been more people on the wrecked relief train than the inhabitants of the little village could have furnished.

Flames Sweep Northern Michigan.

From Cheyboygan comes a report that the huge accumulation of sawdust there known as the "sawdust mountain," is on fire and that several hundred people on the east side of the city have been smoked out of their homes. A high south wind is fanning the fire into a spectacular blaze, against which the city firemen can do little. Morris Fitzgerald, a farmer near Cheyboygan, lost farm buildings worth $4,000.

Near Gladwin, the home of Rev. Henry Wicka was burned and several farm buildings were destroyed. From Standish comes a report that the village of La Rocque, in Presque Isle county, is burning.

From Escanaba, in the upper peninsula, it is reported that Foster City is again threatened with destruction and a special train with fire fighting apparatus has been sent there from Escanaba. Near Menominee several villages are threatened and trains are running from two to three hours late.

Fire in Soo District.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Oct. 16.—Forest fires have again broken out in Chippewa county and are threatening in the extreme. Brimley, a town fifteen miles west, is in serious danger of destruction, and Neebish settlement was saved last night only by heroic efforts of the fire department from the Canadian Soo, which went there with an engine on a tugboat. The smoke is so thick that it is impossible to see across the river today, and boats are either tied up or operating under check. Unless there is rain soon, losses will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. The flames reached the city limits here last night and threatened a dynamite storehouse.

SCENE OF MICHIGAN HOLOCAUST.

WHERE FOREST FIRES ARE RAGING.

THAW MAY LEAVE ASYLUM

Writ Commands Appearance in Pittsburg Case.

New York, Oct. 16.—It was announced last night that Harry K. Thaw may go to Pittsburg Sunday morning to testify in the bankruptcy proceedings pending against him. A conference was held by Dr. Amos T. Baker, assistant superintendent of the Matteawan hospital, where Thaw is confined, and Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, special deputy attorney general appointed to take charge of the Thaw case in behalf of the state.

Writ Served at Asylum.

A writ issued by the United States court in Pennsylvania, commanding the Matteawan hospital to produce Thaw in Pittsburg, was served yesterday, and Dr. Baker hastened to New York to consult with Col. Gardiner about obeying the writ.

Col. Gardiner had objected a previous writ issued by the Pennsylvania court commanding the production of Thaw in Pittsburg, and he had succeeded in having the writ dismissed, so the Thaw representatives had the new writ issued, and they explained to Col. Gardiner that it complied with the form he had demanded.

Gardiner May Consent.

Col. Gardiner says the Thaw representatives have promised not to put any obstacle in the way of having Thaw returned to New York in case he appears in Pittsburg, and as this was his main contention against having the prisoner taken there, Col. Gardiner says he does not see how he can successfully oppose the new writ.

CAPTURE ARMED VESSEL

British Steamer, Bound for Montenegro Seized by Austrian Warship.

Berlin, Oct. 19.—"An Austrian torpedo boat," cables the Budapest correspondent of the Tageblatt, "has arrested a British steamer near Cattaro, on the bay of Antivari, laden with arms and ammunition destined for Montenegro."

Troops in Skirmish.

Berlin, Oct. 19.—According to the Vienna correspondent of the Tageblaat, there has been a skirmish between an Austrian naval guard and a mob of Montenegrins at Antivari. The correspondent says in his special: "It is reported here from Antivari that a crowd of Montenegrins threatened the Austrian consul. A guard for the protection of the consul was sent ashore from Austrian warships, two cruisers and a torpedo boat. The guard had a desultory skirmish with the mob which lasted several hours."

ROOSEVELT IN EUROPE

To Lecture in Paris and London on Return Trip From Africa.

London, Oct. 17.—The Times, is informed that President Roosevelt will visit England after his African trip early in 1910. He will deliver the Romanes lecture at Oxford, and, on the occasion of the university commemoration, will receive the honorary degree of D. C. L., which Oxford already has bestowed upon Emperor William.

According to the Times, President Roosevelt also will visit Paris and deliver an address at the Sorbonne. Neither the dates nor the subjects of the lectures are yet known.

The Times further states that according to the present plans Mrs. Roosevelt will join the President at Khartoum on the journey northward.

Report Confirmed.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The report from London as to President Roosevelt's movements following upon his trip to Africa after leaving the White House, is substantially true.

Wednesday Lord Northcliffe, part owner of the London Times, was the President's guest at luncheon. It was on this occasion that the President made known his intention to visit London and Paris on his return trip from the African hunting grounds, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, who is to join him at Khartoum, on the upper Nile.

The itinerary of the social side of Mr. Roosevelt's trip has not been worked out as yet, the time being too distant to permit of more than tentative arrangements. It was further said that the reticence which has been observed was owing, in part, to the President's disinclination to have his plans discussed so far in advance.

WORKING ON HIS MESSAGE

Roosevelt, Certain of Taft, Drops Campaign Matters.

Washington, Oct. 17.—So confident is Mr. Roosevelt of Taft's election that he has dropped campaign matters for the moment and taken up the preparation of his annual message to congress, although its delivery is more than six weeks off.

Mr. Roosevelt is obtaining from members of his cabinet data on which to base his message, and today he conferred with Secretary Garfield for upward of an hour. The secretary of the interior visited the White House laden with an imposing package of official papers. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the forestry, also was called into the conference.

FIRE SITUATION IMPROVED

Threatened Michigan Villages Escape What Seemed Certain Destruction.

Alpena, Mich., Oct. 17.—Reports coming in today from the fire swept district in this section of the state did not materially increase the sum total of damage despite the fact that high winds swept over the burning section all night.

The villages of Posen and La Roque, which last night were in grave danger, escaped and are today regarded out of danger, barring a decided change of wind, as most of the slashings and underbrush about them are destroyed.

Rogers City is in the most danger today of any of the settlements in Presque Isle county. A large force of men is working to save the town, with the expectation of success.

Both Long Lake and Wilson township also escaped with few losses, although both were in great danger last night. Reports are constantly coming in of the destruction of small logging camps and buildings, and isolated groups of houses.

Reports of fatalities are coming from many places, but it has been impossible to compile anything like an authentic list of the fire victims in the burned district. The death list, including the victims on the Metz relief train, now number 27.

From Metz township the cremation is reported of Henry Kemps, his wife and two children in their farm house, with a third child missing and probably burned to death in the fields.

Villages Destroyed.

Boston, South Rogers and Metz are among the destroyed villages. Only the church is left at the village of Cathro, and it is crowded with refugees from the village and nearby farms.

A report from Alcona county says a strip 20 miles wide from Hubbard Lake to the Au Sable river is burning. More than fifty farms are reported to have been swept by the fires yesterday and their buildings destroyed.

The fire loss in Cheboygan county alone is estimated at $100,000, and the flames are still raging fiercely everywhere, fanned by a high wind. The long drought has dried all vegetation to that degree that the flames are sweeping through the country like prairie fires. Lakeside resort, six miles northwest of Cheboygan, was wiped out together with an immense quantity of forest products.

At Presque Isle, on Lake Huron, Keeper Garrits was compelled to abandon the government fog signal station and flee for his life.

Petoskey, on the west side of the state, reports that the fire situation in that neighborhood is better than last night. Hastings Heights, a summer resort near Conway, is threatened today as is Riggsville. A cloud of smoke hangs over the Methodist resort at Bay View, but the fire is not yet near enough to cause anxiety.

ELOPES WITH MAN OF 80

Philadelphia Woman Weds a Rich South American.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 19.—Capt. Benjamin D. Manton, of Colonia, Uruguay, hale and hearty at 80 years and reputed one of the wealthiest land owners in that part of South America, thwarted the opposition of his relatives here, dashed away with his fiancee in an automobile and in Fall River married Miss Sarah E. Hartman, of Philadelphia, a writer, about half his own age.

The romance, which thus culminated in the captain's fourth matrimonial venture, had its inception in Uruguay a year or more ago, when Miss Hartman, in search of historical data relating to the South American states, met Captain Manton.

Miss Hartman's brother, the Rev. John Hartman, of Mansfield, Mass., met the couple in Fall River and performed the ceremony.

JAPANESE WAR HERO DEAD

General Nodzu Was One of Country's Greatest Fighters

Tokyo, October 19.—General Baron Michitsura Nodzu died here Saturday. He was the chief who shared honors with Kuroki in his great trans-Korean campaign, and was one of General Oyama's most able leaders, was born at Satsuma in November, 1840.

He fought as a colonel on the side of the mikado in the civil war of 1877, and for meritorious service was raised to the rank of lieutenant general.

In spite of his age he commanded the third Japanese army in the Russian war and sustained his reputation for pluck and dash. He was a member of one of Japan's most noble families, a keen sportsman and regarded by many as his country's greatest warrior.

SUFFER FROM THE COLD

Temperature Drops in the Burned District of Michigan.

Alpena, Mich., Oct. 19.—Complete reports have been received today from all of the points north of here which were in danger from the forest fires, and the danger now seems to be largely over. No new fire losses have been reported over night.

Four of the seven bodies which were found yesterday between Rogers and Metz have been identified as the wife and three children of Hiram Erke, whose cremation in a logging camp, was reported last night.

A young man named Walters, who was caught by the fire near Erke's camp and who only escaped death by lying in a little ditch, is almost crazed by his sufferings and the horrors he endured. He was also badly burned. He was found wandering around by Erke when the unfortunate man went back to his camp in search of his family.

Relief Work Begins.

Attention is centered now on the relief problem. Supplies of every description are being rushed to the refugees as rapidly as possible. Governor Fred M. Warner is in Metz today investigating the needs of the homeless people in that section. There was much suffering last night from the cold.

Camped in the open fields, or huddled together in the few buildings and shacks left in the little communities which have been swept by the fires are hundreds of men, women and children who are in abject need of the absolute necessities of life. Many of them were driven from their homes in the night only partially clad. Not only the stores and houses have been destroyed, but the crops are also gone and the unfortunates must look to the outside for food as well as shelter.

Twenty-Six Known Dead.

Between Metz and Rogers City seven more bodies have been found, making a total of 26 lives that are known to have been lost in Presque Isle and Alpena counties since Thursday night.

A public meeting was held Sunday afternoon and a general relief committee of 25 members was formed to take charge of relief measures. The Detroit & Mackinaw railroad has practically turned over its system to the relief of the fire sufferers. In addition to carrying free of charge all supplies, every carpenter in the employ of the road has been rushed into the burned district to help throw up temporary shacks to house the homeless people.

Governor Warner has already directed the sending of several hundred blankets into the burned district and all blankets on hand in the armory of the state troops at Alpena have been forwarded there.

Matthew Donakoski, a 16-year-old boy, who came to town from Posen, said that he believed his sister, Mrs. Estella Wojtaszek, and her seven children, who lived five miles south of Posen, were cremated in their home. Neither he nor his people could get to the farmhouse where the family was living. Neighbors of the Wojtaszek family who succeeded in making their escape, say that the mother and her little ones must have perished.

School Children Suffer.

Out of the burned district there are now coming some of the stories of suffering and dangers endured by those who survived the flames. Miss Cassie Howland is the village school teacher in her school near Millersburg Friday afternoon. At the afternoon recess the air was smoky. Half an hour later the woods about the little school house were blazing fiercely. The children started for their homes, but were compelled to go to a neighboring house for shelter. Miss Howland says she could hardly face the wind during the walk of a quarter of a mile to her own home. After she reached it the heat grew so intense that the women were compelled to seek shelter in the cellar, while the men fought to save the house.

"Then," says Miss Howland, "refugees who had escaped with their lives by lying in the plowed fields with their faces buried in the sand, began to arrive. They kept coming in all through the night, all more or less burned in their flight through the woods. A boy by the name of Dust, one of the family of children which on Saturday was reported burned, brought in the charred remains of his little sister in his pocket handkerchief. His father and brother had already arrived at our house. Their grief was terrible. Then another of their children, a little girl, arrived carrying a baby. The child's dress was completely burned off and her little body was a mass of blisters."

U. P. Towns Safe.

Sault Ste Marie, Mich., Oct. 19.—The fire situation in the portion of the upper peninsula is reported much improved. Most of the towns which have been threatened report that they are now out of danger. A stiff west wind is still blowing, however. The air is clearing and the river is filled with boats which have been held up by the smoke.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE BURNS

Fire Loss on N. Y. Assembly Grounds $125,000.

Jamestown, N. Y., Oct. 19.—The Colonnade, the most substantial and costly building on the Chautauqua assembly grounds, was burned to the ground today. This was the principal business block of the assembly and cost $50,000.

The losses include the United States postoffice, with all of the mail, stamps, etc.; Taylor's printing office, including the entire November edition of the Chautauquan, which was ready for mailing, loss $20,000; the Chautauqua School of Domestic Science, the Chautauqua Kindergarten school, besides a number of shops and business houses.

The total loss will aggregate $125,000.

MAKE A WIRELESS RECORD

Army Signal Corps Sends Message 1,200 Miles.

Camp Atascadero, Cal., Oct. 17.—During the army maneuvers yesterday a semi-permanent wireless telegraph station, erected by First Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, chief signal officer, heard messages exchanged between Bremerton navy yard and some station signing "O N." This is the record for long distance receiving with the field pack. Bremerton is more than 1,200 miles distant and the sets are designed for use over less than 100 miles.

FIRE LOSSES ARE HEAVY

Ten Acres Devastated With a Loss of $500,000.

Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 17.—Fire last night caused $500,000 damage in the yards of the Rock Island Lumber company and the Rock Island Sash & Door works. The flames, fanned by a gale, devastated an area of ten acres in two hours. Twenty million feet of lumber and two saw mills were destroyed. Ties were burned off the bridge on the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad and traffic was tied up several hours on the main lines of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul roads.

Loss Is $110,000.

Bluefield, W. Va., Oct. 17.—Fire of unknown origin broke out in the Elk Planing Mill, owned by the W. M. Ritter Lumber company, and destroyed the entire plant. The loss is estimated at $110,000. Seven loaded cars of lumber standing on a siding were destroyed.

In Business Section.

Barron, Wis., Oct. 17.—Fire early today in the business section of the city caused a loss estimated at $70,000. The principal buildings burned were the Opera house and Commercial hotel.

ARREST FORMER OFFICER

Charged With Stealing Vouchers and Records.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 19.—Otis H. Wade, formerly record keeper in the United States army quartermaster's department on the Arlington dock, was arrested yesterday by Deputy U. S. Marshal Fred M. Lathe, charged with stealing and having in his possession vouchers and records of the quartermaster's department and concealing these documents to his own use. Wade was arrested at the residence of Lee Johnson, president and general manager of the Seattle machine works, after proposing to sell the documents to Mr. Johnson for $2,000. Wade secured his liberty on $2,000 bail last night.

BIG FARM PAPER A WHOLE YEAR FREE

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for a whole year if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary press, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every State in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

CHARGE THAT WOMAN TRIED TO HYPNOTIZE A WITNESS

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 14.—Several witnesses in favor of the petition of Mrs. Mabelle M. Dutton, that a conservator be appointed by the probate court to prevent her aunt, Mrs. Ellen M. Shaw, of Lowell, from giving her property to the sect known as the Mazdaznans were heard by Judge McIntyre yesterday. During the examination the court asked the attorney for the petitioner not to present evidence bearing too much on the beliefs and forms of the Mazdaznans, as it tended to make Dr. Hanish, one of the leaders, the defendant instead of Mrs. Shaw. The lawyer replied that he wanted to show that Dr. Hanish was the dominating force and that Mrs. Shaw was completely under the domain of the Mazdaznans.

Mrs. Dittman described Dr. Hanish's opinion on hygiene, such as wearing little clothing and taking dew baths.

While Mrs. Dittman was testifying a dramatic incident occurred. T. W. Kittredge, attorney for Mrs. Dutton, accused Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, alleged high priestess of the Lowell Mazdaznan temple, with attempting to hypnotize the witness so as to prevent her from continuing her testimony. The court ordered a recess.

HAINS BROS. INDICTED

Must Stand Trial on Charge of Murder in the First Degree.

New York, Oct. 17.—Indictments charging Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., and T. Jenkins Hains with murder in the first degree were handed up by the Queen's county grand jury at Flushing, Long Island, today. The indictments are based upon the killing of William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club in August last.

CODY AEROPLANE WRECKED

Machine Falls, but American Is Not Injured.

Aldershot, England, Oct. 16.—Captain F. S. Cody, the American aeroplanist, who has spent several years in the British service in charge of the kite section of the army, made an attempt today at a flight in his army aeroplane. After reaching a height of twenty feet, however, the machine fell to the ground and was wrecked. Captain Cody escaped uninjured.

GIRL'S NAME FIRST DRAWN

Gets Choice of Land in Rosebud Agency.

Dallas, S. D., Oct. 19.—The first name drawn in the opening of Tripp county was May A. Melson, of Kennebeck, S. D.

Very few of the 33,000 persons who registered were present when the drawing of the Tripp county Rosebud lands began this morning in the big tent. After the preliminary proceeding of emptying the 19 iron cans which contained the applications of the 114,769 persons who had registered, the drawing began.

NEW YORK'S 400 JARRED

Terrific Dynamite Blast on Upper Fifth Avenue.

New York, Oct. 15.—With a force that cracked the walls of a Fifth avenue residence and shook pictures and statuary from their places, a dynamite blast was set off in a building excavation on upper Fifth avenue yesterday. Houses for blocks in this fashionable section were shaken and many windows were broken.

A crowd of several thousand persons were attracted to the scene, and the police reserves were forced to form lines to control the situation. As yet it is not known what caused the severity of the blast.

The police arrested Louis Kretnow, the contractor in charge of the excavation work, and James Rusino, foreman of the work. The bureau of combustibles is making an investigation.

FIRES TWICE AT PRIEST

Fashionable Chicago Church Is Scene of Murder Attempt.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—An attempt to assassinate Rev. J. K. Fielding, pastor of the Corpus Christi Roman Catholic church, was made yesterday afternoon. After twice shooting at the priest in the Sunday school hallway of the church, his assassin, knocking down several children in his way, ran into the street and escaped. The priest was not hurt. The shooting and the screams of the children created wild excitement in one of Chicago's fashionable residence quarters.

The man was loitering about the church and writing on a sheet of paper. Made curious by the man's peculiar actions, Father Fielding asked him:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm praying," replied the stranger.

As the priest turned the stranger drew a revolver and pressed it against his intended victim. Father Fielding knocked the weapon away just in time to escape a bullet which grazed his head and clipped a lock of hair from his temple. The priest then knocked the culprit down.

Hurriedly scrambling to his feet, the man ran down the hallway, pushing and trampling many children. At the bottom of the stairway he turned and fired another shot at the priest, and then, still brandishing the revolver, ran down the street. Children and citizens, accompanied by Father Fielding, pursued the man, but he escaped.

Corpus Christi church is at Forty-ninth street and Grand boulevard, and includes in its membership some of the wealthiest Roman Catholics in the city.

FIND YOUNG EVANS GUILTY

Sentence Provides He Shall Be Publicly Reprimanded.

Yokohama, Oct. 19.—Lieutenant Frank T. Evans, of the battleship Louisiana, who recently was court-martialed on a charge of absenting himself from his post while officer of the deck, disrespect to his superior officer, and intoxication, has been found guilty of the two former charges.

Rear Admiral Sperry received the papers while the battleships were at Manila, and has just announced his verdict. The sentence pronounced provides that Lieutenant Evans shall lose 150 numbers and shall be publicly reprimanded. The commander-in-chief adds that in his opinion the sentence is inadequate, but has approved it in order that Evans shall not entirely escape punishment.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His teatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Send No Money

Until you use it for 30 days

We mean that exactly; please take us at our word.

Simply ask us to show you the "1900" Gravity Washer. We will send it to you, freight prepaid. You pay no deposit, give no security; you are under no obligation.

Use it for 30 days; do four washings with it. Learn how it saves your labor, and how it saves your clothes.

Then, if you want it, pay a little each week, or a little each month. No hurry; just suit yourself. If you don't want it, simply send it back.

The above offer—just as we state it—is open to anyone who is responsible.

Don't you want to see a washing machine that will stand such a test as that?

The "1900" Gravity Washer

is a machine that every woman will have when she knows it. That's why we want you to see it. It does washing solely by forcing soap and water through the meshes of the clothes. No rubbing, no stirring, no paddling; no wear of any sort on the clothes. They are simply held still, while the soapy water is forced back and forth, up and down, through the meshes.

Clothes are washed perfectly clean in this way in six minutes. It does away with the tub and washboard. Makes washing almost fun. Saves all the wear of washing, which means nine-tenths of all the wear on clothes. Cuts wash bills in half.

We control this machine by patents which have cost us $50,000. So no other washer does what this does. It has built for us the largest washer business in the world.

The "1900" saves so much, and costs so little, that it is far cheaper to have it than to go without it. So send now for our New Washer Book, showing the different styles. Then tell us which you want to see, and we'll send it. Do this in justice to yourself.

A post-card with your name and address sent to us *today* brings you the book *by return mail, postpaid.*

Address—The 1900 Washer Co., 358 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Or—if you live in Canada, write to the Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFFR—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

THE STAMP OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then if you don't find it all that we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under the U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

Try it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TODAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Division 3739

DAYTON, OHIO ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

196 DISTILLERY AT TROY, OHIO ESTABLISHED 1866 CAPITAL $500,000 FULLY PAID

JAPS WELCOME FLEET

American Songs and Cheers Make Thousands Little Brown Men Hoarse.

Tokio, Oct. 19.—Monday morning broke calm and beautiful over Yokohama bay, the harbor being bathed in brilliant sunshine, which threw into strong relief the glistening white sides of the American battleships, where they lay at anchor beside the darker Japanese fleet, which showed strongly against the horizon. The first item in the reception to the Americans was the departure of Rear Admiral Sperry and the admirals and captains of the fleet for Tokio.

Children Line Track.

Along the whole eighteen miles of the way to Tokio, there was a continual greeting to the Americans. Each village school turned out in force, the children lining the track as the train sped by, every pupil waving two flags, an American banner and the emblem of their native land, and every one cheering continuously.

On reaching Tokio, the train was met by a committee composed of representatives of every department of the government.

After the exchange of formal greetings on the station platform, a procession was formed and then came a great surprise when the band struck up the national hymn and 10,000 school children, massed in a chorus which packed the approach to the station, sang the words of the hymn in English.

10,000 Voices Cheer.

After fifteen minutes of continuous singing, the band stopped and the leader stepped out and 10,000 voices cheered again.

The American officers were then conducted to carriages in waiting and the program for the day was commenced.

The return of Admiral Togo to Tokio after his great victory of the Sea of Japan did not arouse as great enthusiasm as was manifested today.

The admirals received official calls this morning and returned them, after which they called on Ambassador O'Brien and remained to partake of an informal luncheon, at which only the embassy staff and the naval officers were present. This will be followed by two garden parties.

The American naval officers say that their reception exceeds anything that they have experienced on their long cruise, but the Japanese say that the reception has hardly begun.

SHOOT TRAITORS

Castro Alarmed by Rumor That Holland Is Back of Revolt Move.

Caracas, Oct. 16.—That the members of any revolutionary movement initiated during the prospective blockade of Venezuelan ports will be immediately shot as traitors, is reported to be the present determination of President Castro. There are rumors and newspaper reports that under cover of Dutch guns a revolutionary movement is about to be undertaken to overthrow the Castro government.

Castro Is Improving.

President Castro arrived in Caracas from his tour of the interior provinces a very sick man. His iron constitution, however, came to his aid, and his recovery was so rapid that he drove to the Yellow House to transact state business which had been accumulating for two months. Now all fears as to his recovery have been dispelled.

The one topic of conversation in Caracas, is the coming answer to Holland's second note, which has been reported to have set the date of November 1 for the annulment of Castro's transshipment decree, which has been so obnoxious to the people of Curacao.

Holland's second note is a very long document, and Venezuela's answer is being prepared with great care. It is believed that in it will be set forth in detail the reasons why the Dutch demand cannot and will not be acceded to.

Other Nations Feared.

The danger to Venezuela today is not in the strength of Holland's case, because it is very generally conceded that the Netherlands government has no casus belli, but, on the contrary, has the weakest case of any of those nations which are now at outs with President Castro, but in the fact that there are several nations, especially the United States and France, which would be only too glad to see Holland pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and these countries would probably stand by Holland.

STEAMERS CRASH

Two Accidents Result in Wild Scenes on Board the Boats.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 17.—The steamer Cottage City, Captain Jensen, which left Seattle at 12 o'clock last night bound for Alaska, was in collision with an unknown lumber schooner off Jefferson Head early today.

Purser William Jones, of the Cottage City, was knocked overboard by the force of the collision and rescued uninjured. An Italian passenger, whose name could not be learned, suffered a broken leg. Several of the other passengers were injured, but their names and the extent of their injuries could not be learned. The whole upper works of the Cottage City were torn away, the steering gear put out of commission, and the vessel otherwise injured. A wild panic ensued on board the crippled vessel following the collision. The Cottage City is progressing for Seattle slowly under her own steam.

One Man Drowned.

New York, Oct. 17.—One man was drowned and seventy-five persons were thrown into a panic last night when the steamer New York, of the Albany day line, was rammed by the tug William H. Flannery in the North river. James Charles, foreman of the tugboat, was knocked overboard when the crash came and sank immediately.

The steamer New York, with seventy-five passengers, was coming down the river when the accident occurred off the foot of Thirty-fourth street. The night was clear, and witnesses say there was no excuse for the captain of the tugboat, Thomas M. File, not seeing the big river steamer, which was ablaze with lights. He was arrested, charged with intoxication and criminal negligence.

CHINESE TOWNS FLOODED

Hundreds of People Rendered Homeless.

Hong Kong, Oct. 15.—There have been disastrous floods in the Sun-Sing and Hai-Ping districts. Several towns are submerged and hundreds of people have been rendered homeless.

FIRES IN EIGHT STATES

Heavy Line of Flame Is Still Raging West of Alpena, Michigan.

MANY MILES OF FLAME.

Forest and brush fires are today sweeping sections of eight states, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

Miles and miles of country present the appearance of a solid mass of flames, and many lives are in danger. The property loss will be enormous.

Hundreds of men are fighting the flames, but a heavy rain is the only thing that can effectively stay their progress. Because of the drouth the fields and woods are as dry as tinder.

Bay City, Mich., Oct. 20.—A dispatch from Alpena says: "The verified known death list resulting from the forest fires in Presque Isle and Alpena counties stands at 41, with several people still reported missing and a growing probability of severe loss of life in Northern Pulawski and Krakow townships in Presque Isle county, the first inundation of which came with the reporting of six dead bodies in Pulawski, including those of Mrs. Herman Erke and children.

The board of supervisors of Presque Isle county is preparing to send an expedition into Pulawski and Krakow townships to bury such dead as may be found and offer relief to those alive.

Fires Near Alpena.

While big fires are still burning throughout the northern tier of counties, not a single village or town is now known to be in danger and only the Huron branch of the Detroit & Mackinac railroad is out of commission. There is a big fire three miles from Rogers City and a heavy line of fire west of Alpena, but there is no imminent danger to either town.

Some apprehension is felt for Grace Harbor, which is located on the shore of Lake Huron northwest of here.

No word has been received from there since the fires. A boat will be sent to Grace Harbor from Alpena if a report is not received from there soon. Along the eight miles of road from Posen to Hagwere unable to check the progress of the fire, and seeing that his home and other buildings were in imminent danger, Dryer and his son hastily hitched two horses to a plow, with which they turned up a wide furrow the length of the burning field, about one hundred feet from the buildings and haystacks and in the path of the approaching flames.

While this was being done, the fire, which roared like a giant furnace, and sent up huge clouds of smoke, had attracted the attention of the people in the village and scores of men, women and children ran to aid in subduing the flames. Burt Ecker, the teacher of the public school, dismissed his classes and with about twenty of the older scholars, joined in fighting the fire.

For more than four hours the battle was waged incessantly, but it was not until the entire field had been laid waste and the flames had eaten their way to the ploughed furrow, where they had nothing more to feed upon, that the fire was extinguished.

It is said that had the wind been in the opposite direction, nothing but a miracle could have saved the entire village of Bono and the intervening houses from being wiped out. The town has no fire protection whatever and the buildings, all frame and dry as tinder, needed but a flying brand or spark to ignite.

Saturday morning about 9, fire broke out again on the Dryer farm in a cornfield adjoining on the south of the clover seed field burned the afternoon before. It is thought the second blaze was caused by smouldering embers. Again the neighbors and townspeople joined Dryer and his family in fighting the flames, but it was several hours before they were extinguished and not until they had destroyed about 20 acres of Dryer's corn and about ten acres of corn belonging to Louis Ireland, whose farm joins Dryer's on the east. Dryer estimates his loss at about $150 and Ireland at $60.

The fires in the vicinity of Yondota and Jerusalem township, which also started Friday and which are thought to have been caused by tramps, had burned themselves out last night. They were confined to land covered with brush and luckily resulted in little or no damage. Several residents kept constant watch, day and night, to prevent the flames spreading to adjacent territory.

Fires are still burning along Cedar creek and Craine creek between Curtice and Bono and in the "slashings" and fields between Williston and Curtice. In places farmers are watching their crops and buildings day and night, some plowing around their buildings to check the progress of the flames.

Big brush fires raged near Williston Sunday night. The "slashings" on August York's place and the "Canada tract" burned fiercely, oil waste adding fuel to the flames. Dead timber, rotten logs, and thicket of dry weeds made a blaze that could not be controlled. No houses or other buildings were in the path of the flames and the fire stopped at the roads and at the open ground.

Scattering fires are yet burning in various parts of the district east of Toledo from the Banks land, four miles out to Bono, fourteen miles distant, but the fact that there is little continuous woodland, except along the creek bottoms, will enable the people to keep most of the fires in check.

At Curtice the smoke was so dense yesterday morning that it was difficult to see across the street.

$500,000 AGAINST BRYAN

Lloyd's Accept "Commercial Hedges" at 9 to 1 Taft Will Be Elected.

New York, Oct. 20.—Lloyd's Exchange, London, which will give insurance against anything from the disaster of a rainy day to the extra expense of twins, has accepted from American business men risks against the election of William Jennings Bryan amounting to $500,000 in return for premiums amounting to about $55,000. While the writing of the insurance is technically a business transaction it amounts virtually in this case to a wager by the famous London exchange against Bryan at odds of nine to one.

In taking such a risk, or making such a bet, Lloyd's has not acted in a wildly hazardous manner. It has based its transactions upon a most careful investigation of the sentiment among American voters and has received reports from confidential agents and astute politicians concerning the situation in every state in the Union. With those facts as a basis it has worked out a rate of insurance upon the loss liable to be occasioned American business men by the selection of Bryan as president and upon his chances of election. The chances of Bryan's success, however, seems so small to Lloyd's agents that the rate has been extremely low.

Policies on Taft's Life.

In addition Lloyd's has been writing insurance policies on Taft's life. In view of the two slight accidents to the railroad train on which Taft is making his tour of the southern states in the campaign, various business men, confident that Taft will be elected president, unless death by sickness or accident prevents, have taken precaution against loss liable in such an event by insuring the Republican candidate's life. The men who have bought insurance either against Bryan's election or Taft's death are not gamblers, but keen judges of the future and skilled in the art of anticipating contingencies.

The majority of business men feel confident that if Taft is elected business will receive a great stimulus because of the confidence that generally is reposed in the Republican administration, and in the actions of a man of Judge Taft's temperament. Relying upon the certainty of his election, they have made investments in bonds and stocks which, after the election, will jump in price. If Bryan is elected prices of those stocks will fall and they would lose money. Manufacturers, for example, believe that if Taft is elected they will receive big orders. They are going ahead with their mills in full operation, turning out goods on such an expectation. If Bryan is elected the prices will drop because there will be no demand and they stand to lose a large amount of money.

A Commercial Hedge.

These men, in brief, are speculating upon Taft's election. They have also taken a "commercial hedge" upon that wager by going to Lloyd's and getting a policy against the loss that would result with the choice of Bryan as president. They figure out, for instance, that in case of a Democratic victory their loss by depreciation and business depression would be $100,000, and they get a policy for that much. The cost for such insurance is $10,000, but in the event that Bryan is elected they would get only the difference between the amount of the policy and the premium, or $90,000, making the odds therefore 9 to 1. The policy is called the "P. P. I.," meaning that "policy is proof of interest." In other words, the insured does not have to prove loss, if Bryan is elected, because the fact that the policy is written is taken as proof that the insured has lost money by the happening of the unexpected.

SLAIN BY ROPE AND GUN

Prominent Tennessee Men Are Killed by Night-Riders.

Taken From Hotel, Hanged to Trees and Bodies Riddled With Bullets.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 20.—A message from Trenton says that Captain Rankin, a leading lawyer of that city, and Colonel R. C. Taylor were taken from Ward's hotel at Walnut Log, on Upper Reelfoot Lake, late last night, and murdered by night riders.

Captain Rankin and Colonel Taylor left Trenton several days ago to look after the leasing of some lake land in which they were interested.

Both bodies were found hanging to trees. The men, besides being hanged, had been shot.

Caskets have been sent from Union City for the bodies.

Offers $10,000 Reward.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 20.—Governor Patterson today offered a reward of $10,000 for the arrest of the person or persons guilty of the murder of Judge Taylor, and Captain Rankin at Reel Foot Lake.

GIVES MILLION TO HOSPITAL

Banker Kennedy Has Given Away Nearly $3,000,000,

New York, Oct. 15.—It is announced that James S. Kennedy, the New York banker, has given $1,000,000 to the Presbyterian hospital in this city, of which he is president. The money is to be used in construction of buildings.

Other gifts made by Mr. Kennedy and previously announced are $500,000 to Columbia university, a $600,000 building for the United Charities, and $250,000 to the School of Philanthropy.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DAILY

New Newspaper to Be Published at Boston.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 16.—The Christian Science Sentinel, issued today, announces the establishment by the Christian Science Publishing society of a new daily paper to be known as the Christian Science Monitor. The announcement in part is as follows:

"The current of human thought is setting in the direction of that which alone is real—the good that men do, not the evil. It will be the mission of the Monitor to publish the real news of the world in a clean, wholesome manner, devoid of all the sensational methods employed by so many newspapers. There will be no exploitation or illustration of vice and crime, but the aim of the editors will be to issue a paper which will be welcomed in every home where purity and refinement are cherished ideals."

ROOSEVELT TO BE EDITOR

President Signs Contract With the Outlook Magazine.

New York, Oct. 19.—President Roosevelt has signed a contract with The Outlook to act as an associate editor after his retirement from the presidency in March next. This is made subject to the existing contract to write the story of his African travels for Charles Scribner's Sons. His work in connection with The Outlook is to cover political and economic topics.

FOR VIOLATING 8-HOUR LAW

Contractors on Government Work Are Defendants.

Sioux City, S. D., Oct. 17.—Hayes brothers, sub-contractors on the government irrigation project at Belle Fourche in the western part of this state have been made defendants in a criminal action brought at the instance of Attorney General Bonaparte for alleged violation of the eight-hour law. They are alleged to have worked their employes 10 hours a day.

BREAKS IN THE DOOR

Deputy Sheriff Creates Excitement While Serving Papers in Haskell Suit.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 16.—After a dramatic scene on Union Pacific train No. 2 last midnight, in which the door of his stateroom was burst open by a deputy sheriff, William Randolph Hearst, the millionaire editor, was served with papers notifying him that suit for $600,000 had been brought against him for slander and libel by Governor Charles N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, in the Douglas county, Nebraska district court.

The summons was served by Deputy Sheriff Stewart, for Smith & Smith, of Omaha, who are Governor Haskell's attorneys in the damage suit.

Waited for Hearst.

The suit was filed in the district court at 10 o'clock last night, after which the papers were immediately withdrawn. It was known that Mr. Hearst was to pass through Omaha last night on his way from Seattle to New York and plans were laid accordingly.

Union Pacific train No. 2 was due at 9:40 o'clock, but did not arrive until 11:25. Deputy Sheriff Stewart was on hand with orders to serve the summons on Mr. Hearst, but had a trying time in doing so.

A knock on the door of Mr. Hearst's stateroom elicited the information through the door from the editor's wife that he was not in the room, but had gone to the station to send a telegram. Not to be cheated the deputy sheriff demanded admittance in the name of the law, saying that if he were not admitted he would break down the door.

Then ensued a dramatic scene. Mrs. Hearst on the inside screamed out that she was alone and would admit no man and the deputy proceeded to carry out his threat to break in. Using his shoulders as a battering ram he crashed through the door and was met by Mrs. Hearst, partially disrobed, apparently on the verge of hysteria.

Accepted Papers.

Nothing daunted, although Mrs. Hearst rushed screaming through the door out in the aisle, Deputy Sheriff Stewart started to kick in the door of the toilet room adjoining the stateroom. Then it was that William Randolph Hearst, trembling and excited, emerged from his hiding place, and accepted the papers which the deputy thrust out, but he appeared less indignant than his wife.

Haskell Asks $600,000.

Governor Haskell bases his claim for $600,000 damages on a report published by the Chicago Examiner, a Hearst newspaper, after the speech made by Mr. Hearst at Memphis on September 19. The governor's complaint recites that in that speech Mr. Hearst libeled and defamed the governor by asserting that "the Democratic party altered its platform to suit the Standard Oil and made Mr. Haskell, who was an agent of the Standard Oil, the chairman of their committee on platform.

"Here we have a Standard Oil tool made chairman of the committee on platform at the National Democratic convention and treasurer of the Democratic campaign fund.

"Why is Mr. Haskell placed in these important positions in the Democratic party? Is it, first, to make a platform that will hold the Standard Oil and then to make a proposition that will hold up the Standard Oil?"

PREDICTS 100,000 FOR TAFT AND HARRIS.

Columbus, O., Oct. 17.—Henry A. Williams, chairman of the Republican state executive committee, predicts that Governor Harris will be re-elected by 100,000 and that Mr. Taft will carry the state by almost the same figures.

"The state and the national tickets are getting closer together," said Mr. Williams. "The rural vote will be for Taft, but Governor Taft will get some votes from Democratic farmers on the temperance issue who will not vote for Taft. The bulk of the farmers will be in line for Taft, however."

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Oct. 17.—Bradstreet's says continued warm, unseasonable weather and the approach of the national election tend to hamper distribution of seasonable merchandise, the purchase of any but immediate necessities, and the projection of new enterprises. On balance industry is slightly more active, some branches of the iron trade having increased forces, while building is more brisk; but at the same time drouth or low water in various navigable streams tend to affect such lines as coke, waterway navigation and paper mills. Railway tonnage is heavier, and current gross earnings show smaller decreases than for any time in the last 10 months.

Summed up, caution prevails, but confidence is very strong, and therefore natural conditions, together with light stocks, should produce a marked degree of expansion after the turn of the new year. Until then repression seems to be the policy, the hand-to-mouth buying movement is deemed to be the part of wisdom, and new enterprises are being held in abeyance, either by the credit-giving institutions or by their projectors. Business failures in the United States for the week ended October 15 number 244, against 256 last week, 194 in the like week of 1907, 170 in 1906, and 178 in 1905.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 20.—The story of the hog market from day to day has been a question as to how much lower prices are to be pounded. Today was no exception, and prices were quoted 10c lower than yesterday. The close was steady at the decline.

Quotations in sheep and lambs and veal calves were reduced today to a marked extent. The price of all live stock is at a considerably lower plane than last month.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.40@5.50; mediums, $5.25@5.40; Yorkers, $5.10@5.15; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $4.60@4.80; good pigs, $4.00@4.40; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.00; mixed, $5.00@5.15; bulk of sales, $5.00@5.15.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; choice butcher bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.50@4.00; mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; spring lambs, $5.75@5.25.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.50@7.00; common, $4.00@6.00; heavy and foil fed, $2.50@5.00.

and pail fed, $2.50@5.00.

Sheep and lambs—Ewes, $2.25@2.75; yearlings, $3.50@4.00; wethers, $3.00@3.50; mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; lambs, $4.00@5.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 15 cars; slow. Hogs, 60 cars; slow; heavy, $5.60; Yorkers, $5.00@5.40; pigs, $4.40. Sheep, 40 cars; slow; best lambs, $5.75; yearlings and wethers, $4.25@4.50; ewes, $4.00@4.25. Calves, $4.50@8.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 20.—(Special report by Bower & Bower.)—Hogs, receipts 40 cars; market lower. Heavy, $5.60; yorkers, $5.10@5.15; pigs and lights, $4.25@4.75. Best lambs, $5.60. Best calves, $8.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Cattle—Receipts about 9,000; market weak; beeves, $3.20@7.50; Texans, $3.25@4.60; westerners, $3.00@5.75; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.50; cows and heifers, $1.50@5.20; calves, $5.00@8.50. Hogs—Receipts about 23,000; market weak to 5c lower; light, $4.90@5.50; mixed, $5.10@5.35; heavy, $5.10@5.90; rough, $5.10@5.25; good to choice heavy, $5.25@5.90; pigs, $5.00@4.80; bulk of sales, $5.25@5.50. Sheep—Receipts about 22,000; market weak; native, $2.40@4.50; western, $2.40@4.50; yearlings, $4.30@5.10; lambs, $3.75@5.70; western, $3.75@5.80.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 20.—(By Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs, eight loads. Heavies, $5.70@5.80; mediums, $5.50@5.60; heavy yorkers, $5.20@5.50; light yorkers, $4.40@4.80; pigs, $4.00@4.25. Sheep, $3.00@4.75; lambs, $4.00@5.90. Calves, $5.00@8.00

The Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Oct. 20.—Opening firm from the effects of rather strong cables, wheat eased off during the forenoon on generous rains in the west. No precipitation was reported east of the Mississippi. Traders are not inclined to worry much over frost reports from southern Argentina, as but little wheat is raised in this section. Liverpool opened ¼d higher and at midday was ⅛d lower to ¼d higher. Northwest cars were about equal to last year's. Leading commission houses sold rather freely at Chicago at the outset. Accumulation of stocks in leading grain centers is one of the chief causes of bearish sentiment. Cash, in the local market, opened unchanged at $1.01¼. December started the day ⅛d higher at $1.01⅞. May ⅛c higher at $1.05¾, and July ⅛c up at 98⅛c. All options lost from ⅛c to ½c in the first half hour.

A bulge late in the day was attributed to sales for export. After 12 m, there was considerable selling on stop loss orders, and the market showed rather indifferent buying power. Cash closed ¼c off at $1.01, December ¼c off at $1.01½, May ¼c lower at $1.04⅞, and July ⅝c off at 98½c. Liverpool closed ¼d lower to ¼d higher. Winnefed wired stocks in country elevators were 14,000,000 bushels. Bradstreet's world's available showed a big increase.

Finals in corn: Cash 76c, December 63¼c, May 63c, July 62c, new cash 71c. Liverpool closed unchanged.

Oats was a trifle weaker. December opened unchanged at 49¼c and lost ⅛c in the initial hour. May was unchanged at 51⅛c and July, opening unchanged at 46½c, dropped to 46c between the beginning of the market and 10 o'clock.

Oats closed as follows: Cash 50c, December 48¾c, May 50½c, July 45¼c.

Clover seed was buoyed up under good buying demand, though sellers appeared willing to let go of their holdings. October gained 5c at the outset and 7½c later when the price ascended to $4.70. December gained the same amounts, landing at $4.77¼. At 10 a. m., aggregate gains of 12¼c landed March at $4.90.

Receipts were 820 bags, compared with 600 a year ago. Cash closed 15c up at $4.72½, October 12½c up at $4.70, December 12½c up at $4.77½, and March 12½c up at $4.90.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Oct. 20.	Oct. 19.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.01¼	1.01¾	1.00½	1.01	1.01¼
Dec.	1.01⅞	1.02¼	1.01	1.01¼	1.01⅝
May	1.05⅝	1.05½	1.04¼	1.04⅞	1.05⅛
July	98¾	....	98	98⅛	98½
Corn—					
New	....	....	....	71	71¼
Cash	....	....	....	76	76
Dec.	63⅝	63⅝	....	63¼	63½
May	63⅝	....	....	63	63¾
July	63¾	....	....	63	63¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50	50½
Dec.	49¼	....	....	48¾	49⅛
May	51¼	....	....	50½	51⅛
July	46½	....	....	45¼	46½
Claver Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	4.72½	4.67½
Oct	4.62½	....	....	4.70	4.75½
Dec	4.70	....	....	4.77½	4.65
March	4.82½	....	....	4.85	4.77½
No. 2	....	....	....	4.52	4.40
No. 3	....	....	....	4.40	4.30
Rejected	....	....	....	4.25	4.10
Neg.	....	....	....	4.00	3.90
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78¼	78½
No. 2	....	....	....	78	78
No. 3	....	....	....	75	75
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.65	1.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	98⅝	99	97¾	98¼	98⅜
May	1.02⅛	1.02¾	1.01¼	1.01⅞	1.01⅜
July	97	97½	96½	97	96⅞
Corn—					
Dec.	64	64½	63¼	63¾	63½
May	63½	63⅝	62⅝	62⅞	63⅛
July	63	....	62¼	63⅛	62⅞
Oats—					
Dec.	48	....	47	47¼	48
May	50	....	....	49¼	50
July	45¾	....	....	44¾	45⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.08⅜	1.09¼	1.08¼	1.08⅜	1.08⅝
May	1.09¼	1.09⅝	....	1.09¼	1.09⅛
Corn—					
Dec.	74½	....	....	74¼	74½
May	71½	....	....	71¼	71⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	93⅜	93¾	06⅛	93¼	93⅜
May	1.02	1.02½	1.01⅜	1.02⅛	1.01⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct	13.47	13.55	....	13.52	13.45
Jan	15.02	15.20	....	15.05	15.05
May	14.92	15.10	....	14.95	14.95
Lard—					
Oct	9.35	9.40	....	9.35	9.37
Jan	9.05	9.12	....	9.10	9.10
May	9.07	....	....	9.12	9.07
Ribs—					
Oct	8.60	....	8.30	8.55	8.67
Jan	8.02	8.07	....	8.05	8.05
May	8.07	8.17	....	8.15	8.12

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 20.—(Wall Street.)—Third Avenue opened today at a further decline of 2 and had an unsettling effect on the tone of the stock market. Dealings were on a very limited scale and changes were small and mixed. Advances of a large fraction in Northern Pacific and Great Northern preferred were features.

Strength in dividend paying stocks overcame the unfavorable effect of the break in Third Avenue. Northern Pacific was pushed up 1⅝. Union Pacific 1¼ and St. Paul, Great Northern preferred, Reading, American Sugar, Atlantic Coast Line, Consolidated Gas, General Electric and Westinghouse Electric 1. Third Avenue fell 2½ before the buying by the shorts took effect and it rallied 1½. Trading was very dull at the high range of prices.

Northern Pacific was the influencing factor with its rise of 2¾. When its advance was checked, the general list also paused. Atlantic Coast Line and St. Paul pfd. gained 2. Union Pacific 1¾, Northwestern and United States Steel pfd. 1¼, and Southern Pacific, Chicago & Alton, Louisville & Nashville, Iowa Central, American Smelting, Union Bag and Western Union 1. Kanawha & Michigan Trust receipts sold at an advance of 3½. Prices were at the highest at noon. Bonds were steady.

Purchases were smaller, but the list made additional progress upward. Illinois Central gained 2½ and New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio and Amalgamated Copper 1.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 30c; solid pack, 29½c; second, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 24@24½c; dairy butter, 25c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolored, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; fancy grade butterine, uncolored, 80-lb. tub basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1-lb. roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 15½c.

Eggs—Country run, 23c; candled, 25c. Fresh country, 25@26c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14c; New York state, 15c; Longhorn, 15c; 14½c; Swiss, 16c.

Onions—Spanish, $1.50; home grown, yellow, 55@60c; white, 80@90c.

Celery—Kalamazoo, bunch, 15@20c; low plume, 25c.

Lettuce—8c; head lettuce, 30c.

Egg Plant—Dozen, 40@60c.

Endive Lettuce—1 doz., 40@60c.

Mango Peppers—Bu., 50c.

Potatoes—Michigan, bu., 65c; home grown, bu., 65c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, bu., 60c; bbl., $1.75@1.85; Jersey, bbl., $1.75@2.00; bu., $1.

Beans—Hand picked navy beans, $2.75; red kidney, bu., $2.00.

New Cabbage—Home grown, $1.25@1.75.

Squash—Hubbard, doz., $1.50.

Cauliflower—$1.25@1.50.

Turnips—Bu., 40@50c.

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 10c.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, $2.75@3.00; home-grown, $2.75.

Cucumbers—Boston hothouse, doz., $1.25.

Pumpkins—Doz., 75c.

Beets—New, bu., 60c.

Round radishes, 10c doz.; parsley, 10c doz. bunches; green onions, doz., 10c; vegetable oysters, doz., 25c; carrots, bu., 45c; rutabagas, bu., 35c; parsnips, bu., 50c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40@50c.

Tomatoes—Home grown, bu., 50@75c; $1.00.

Apples—Baldwins, $2.75@3.00; Greenings, $2.75; Pound Sweet and Twenty ounce, $3.00; Rambo, $2.25@3.00; Flower, King and Northern Spy, $3.00; Ben Davis, $2.00.

Pears—Kelfers, bu., 50@60c.

Quinces—Bu., $2.00@2.25.

Grapes—Catawbas, 10-lb. basket, 25c; Concord, pony basket, 12c; Delaware, pony basket, 15c; Malaga, $3.50@4.50.

Lemons—$3.50@4.50.

Limes—Box 100, $1.

Pineapples—Cuba, doz., $1.75.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Oranges, Valencias, $4.00@4.50; Rico, $3.75; Florida oranges, $3.50; grape fruit, case, $5.00@5.50.

Dates—Persian, 20 lbs., $2; Hallowe'en dates, 1b., 5c.

Figs—Pulled, 1b., 15c; stick figs, 14c; Turkish, 14c.

Poultry—Alive—Hens, 10@11c; roosters, 10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 15c; chickens, broilers, 10@11c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 7@7½c; heavy and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, fair, 8@9c; spring lambs, 10c; yearling sheep, 8@9c.

Sheep—6@7c.

Cow Beef—3@6c.

Steers—6¼@8c.

Helfers—6@7¼c.

New York Stocks.

New York, Oct. 20.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2
Am. Loco. com	49¼	49¾	49¼	
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	133⅜	133⅝	132⅝	
Atchison	90¾	90⅞	90¾	
Am. Car & F. Co	40⅝	40⅞	40⅝	
Anaconda	43¼	44⅞	43¼	
Amal. Copper	75⅝	76⅜	75⅝	
Am. Smelters	87	88½	87	
Alison com	38⅞	39⅜	38⅞	
Am. Tobacco pfd	93¼	93¾	93¼	
Am. Ice Sec	25½	25¾	25½	
Balt. & Ohio	97¼	97½	97¼	
Brooklyn R. T	47⅞	48¾	47⅞	
Canadian Pac	175⅜	176	175	
Clover Leaf	80	80	80	
Clover Leaf pfd	87⅝	88⅜	87⅝	
Colorado Fuel	35½	35¾	35¼	
Ches. & Ohio	42	43⅞	42	
Central Leather	25	25	25	
Consolidated Gas	146	147¼	146	
Can pfd	87	87	87	
Del. & Hudson	168½	169½	168½	
Erie com	30½	31¼	30½	
Erie 1st pfd	43⅜	44⅛